UNDER MANY FLAGS

or

STORIES OF SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS

by

W·H·DAVENPORT·ADAMS

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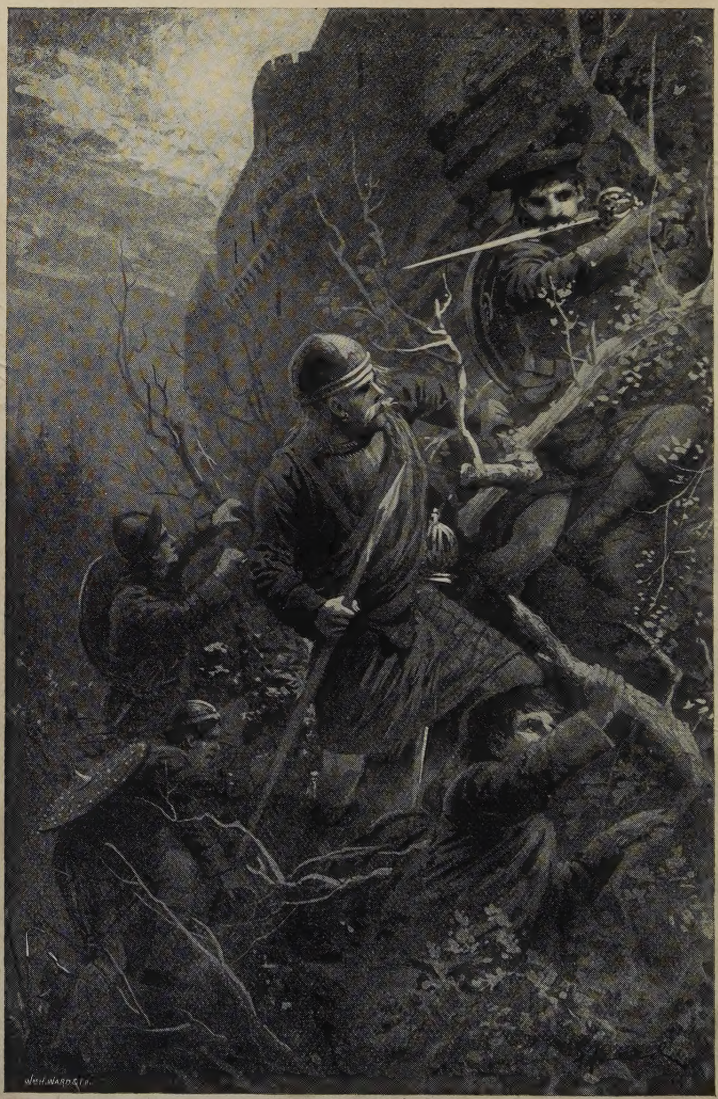

The Scotch soldiers scale the fortress.

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FRONTISPIECE.

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UNDER MANY FLAGS

OR

Stories of Scottish Adventurers

BY

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS

AUTHOR OF

"ENGLAND AT WAR," "ENGLAND ON THE SEA," "THE SECRET OF SUCCESS,"
"MEMORABLE BATTLES"; ETC., ETC.

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UNDER MANY FLAGS

CHAPTER I

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE IN FRANCE

LET us catch a few glimpses of the activity of adventurous Scots in the French wars of the fifteenth century. Nobles, knights, and men-at-arms seem alike to have been possessed with an errant spirit, which they could not control; or else they were seduced by the purple vineyards and smiling fields of the South, which offered so charming a contrast to their bleak and barren northern landscapes. Further, it was on French soil that they could revenge themselves best upon the Anglo-Norman invaders, who had harried their poor country so pitilessly with fire and sword, and were at this time engaged in a long and desperate struggle to maintain their hold upon some of the finest provinces of France.

In 1407, we read, the Earl of Mar led a body of troops, sent by the Duke of Burgundy, to the help of William of Bavaria, Count of Holland and Hainault, who thirsted to punish his refractory

city of Liège for revolting against its bishop. Halting at Paris, Mar dazzled the curious Parisians, as fond then as now of shows and spectacles, by his chivalric courtesy. "He set out," says Wyntoun, "with a noble company, well equipped and elegant, knights and squires, very great lords, sixty and more, men of counsel and valour, of his court and his suite. At Paris he held a royal levée, at the sign of *Le Plat d'Étain.* All the time he was there, which exceeded twelve weeks, gates and grilles were open, that everybody might see him; that everybody might freely enter, to eat and drink and dance and sing; and all people praised him highly for his wit and valour and liberality." He and his followers took part in the battle of Liège, on September 23, 1408, and behaved with a prowess to which justice is done by a contemporary poet, who does not fail to enumerate the splendid knights whom Mar commanded. Among these, according to Wyntoun, were "Schere James Scremgeoure of Dundee," "Schire Elis of Kynnymond," "Lord of the Nachtane Schire William," and "of Bothvile Schire Johne." These good knights are dust—their swords are rust—but one cannot help feeling a touch of sympathetic interest when one finds their names inscribed not only on the pages of Wyntoun, but on those of an obscure foreign record.

Lord Mar did not remain long in France. On the 29th of the following December he obtained a safe-conduct from the King of England to return to Scotland with his company of thirty knights

and squires—just one-half the suite whom he had taken with him. As Scotland had then no navy, Scots who made for France had to travel through England, unless some foreign power provided the necessary transport. It is surprising that the English Government so freely accorded permission to its gallant enemies to carry their thews and muscles, and their stout hearts, to the help of France.

In 1419, King Charles VI. sent the Comte de Vendôme on an embassy to the Regent of Scotland, demanding assistance in the name of the ancient alliance between the two kingdoms. The Regent immediately convoked the Three Estates, and it was resolved that a large force should immediately be dispatched under the command of John Stuart Earl of Buchan, Archibald Douglas Earl of Wigton (son of the great Earl of Douglas), and Sir John Stuart of Darnley, being the three leaders specially designated by the King of France. The ships to carry the Scottish auxiliaries were furnished by France, and the King of Castile, with the Infanta of Aragon—both in alliance with Scotland—promised to equip at need a fleet of forty ships. Henry V., who was then engaged in his victorious campaigns, was alarmed at this formidable diversion in favour of France, and sent immediate instructions to his brother, John Duke of Bedford, in whose hands he had placed the reins of government during his absence at the wars, to equip a fleet without delay to intercept the

French vessels. Either his order was neglected, or it arrived too late, and an army of seven thousand Scots, robust and experienced troops, crossed the Channel unmolested, and disembarked at La Rochelle. Marching towards the valley of the Loire, they encamped at Châtillon, whence they raided incessantly upon the English frontiers. Bloody encounters, captured towns and castles, piles of plunder—nothing was wanting to the glory of these Scottish warriors, not even envy; for, failing to expel the enemy from the kingdom, they were denounced to the King by the voice of jealousy as "wine-bags and mutton-eaters" (*sacs à vin et mangeurs de moutons*). Charles listened patiently to the slanderers, and made no reply to them until after the victory at Baugy, when he sarcastically inquired, "What think you now of these Scottish mutton-eaters and wine-swillers?" And there was no reply.

Baugy is one of those battle-fields where the English leopard "lay low." The Scots, with some few French, under the command of the Earl of Buchan, approached the town of Baugy (or Baugé) on one side of the rushing Couanar, while an English army, under the Duke of Clarence, was encamped on the other. The two sides were connected by a narrow bridge. Buchan had sent Sir John Stuart of Darnley forward to reconnoitre; and he, coming suddenly and unexpectedly on the English, fell back in time to warn his friends of their approach. Meanwhile, the passage of the bridge was stoutly disputed by Stewart of Ralston

and Sir Hugh Kennedy, whose partisans withstood with unshaken front the impetuous charge of Clarence and his chivalry. The Duke, conspicuous by the circle of gold on his helm, and the richness of his armour, was charged by John Kirkmichael (who broke his spear against him), then wounded in the face by Sir William of Swinton, and finally borne to the ground and killed by a blow from the Earl of Buchan's mace. The flower of his knights and men-at-arms perished with him. The main body of the English, in their rage at this disaster and their anxiety to avenge it, pressed into the narrow defile of the bridge in such numbers as to lose all cohesion, and, struggling onward in dense disorder, were cut up or taken prisoners by the victorious Scots. Thus the English defeat was complete, and they left from one thousand six hundred to two thousand dead upon the field. It is pretended that the Scots lost only twelve men and the French only two, but this is incredible; nor are the mediæval chroniclers at any time to be trusted in the matter of figures, which they employ with the most astonishing licence.

King Charles rewarded the Earl of Buchan for this brilliant service with the bâton of Constable of France, while Sir John Stuart of Darnley received a fief in Berry.

This same Sir John received another gift of lands in March 1423, and in the royal letter conveying it I find the most flattering testimony adduced to "the great zeal and diligence with

which he and all of his company had, for the space of three years or thereabouts, laboured for the weal of ourselves, our kingdom, and our lordships, sustaining very great pain, hardships, and peril, and danger of person"; and special reference is made to the aforesaid battle of Baugy, where he had shown himself "a valiant and courageous chevalier, and had served us largely, freely, and of his good-will." He is promised "an income in our said kingdom of the yearly value of two thousand livres tournois," to assist him in maintaining his state honourably, and that "he may be the more inclined to remain in our service, for which he has left his wife and children, and abandoned his rents, revenues, and possessions, whereon he had lived liberally and nobly." More fortunate than some of his companions-in-arms, Sir John actually received the money.

At the time that Charles VI. was thus freely rewarding his faithful auxiliaries, he had not long to live; but he was preceded to the grave by two great antagonists. Having seized upon Meaux, and finding his supplies were running short, he sent out foraging detachments to sweep clean the country-side; but provisions still failing, he ordered the soldiers to disregard the immunity of St. Fiacre—son of an ancient Scottish king—which no one, according to the faith of the time, had ever done with impunity. All that he found in the way of cattle and grain he carried off. Almost immediately, says the continuator of Fordun, he was seized with a malady which the common

people call *le mal de Saint Fiacre*, and became hypochondriacal. Finding himself seriously ill, he asked his physicians the cause of this affection, and was informed that it proceeded from his violation of the immunity of the Scottish Saint Fiacre. Whereupon the King exclaimed gloomily, "I can go nowhere without finding before my beard those Scotchmen, living or dead."

Sir John Stuart of Darnley was taken prisoner by the English at the battle of Crevant. He was severely wounded in the fight, and lost an eye. He was afterwards exchanged, and returned to France again to combat under the French standard.

A brilliant soldier of fortune appeared in France in the latter end of 1422, in the person of Archibald, second Earl of Douglas, who disembarked at Rochelle with an army of ten thousand knights, men-at-arms, and archers (between four and five thousand, according to one of the French historians). He joined the French Court at Châtillon-sur-Indre, and accompanied it to Bourges, where the King declared the Earl lieutenant-general of his armies, and conferred on him the Duchy of Touraine, to enjoy for himself and his male heirs in perpetuity, reserving, however, the rights of the Crown. He added the town and château of Chinon with all their dependencies. The Earl did homage accordingly. The French *Chambre des Comptes* refused at first to ratify the King's letters patent, protesting that it was its duty to prevent any alienation of the Crown domains.

Nor did the citizens of Tours and the peasants of Touraine take kindly at first to their transference to a Scottish lord. When, however, they were assured that they would suffer neither in person nor in property, they accepted the inevitable, and did their best to propitiate their new master; sending him a present of twelve casks of wine, six loads of hay, fifty sheep, four fat oxen, and one hundred pounds of wax tapers, and mounting on horseback to meet and escort him when he came to take possession of his own (May 7). The streets of Tours were hung with tapestry and strewn with flowers, as the new Duke rode on his way, with a gallant attendance of knights and nobles, men-at-arms and archers—all in their bravest—with much waving of pennons and blare of trumpets, to the cathedral, at the great door of which he was received by the archbishop and all the canons in full robes. The dean presented him with a sceptre, an aumasse, and a breviary. Having gone through the usual formalities, the Duke was received as a canon and installed in the choir, in the presence of Louis de Bourbon Count of Vendôme, great chamberlain of France, John de Bourbon, his brother, Prince of Carency; and many other great lords.

With this glimpse of old world ceremonies I must be content.

The Scottish Duke of Touraine enjoyed his honours for a few weeks only. He was killed in the sanguinary battle of Verneuil in 1424, in which his countrymen suffered so severely. For having

sent a message to the Duke of Bedford that they would neither give nor take quarter, they so kindled the fury of the English that the latter fell upon them with a force which would not be denied, and slew them in their thousands. A contemporary writer says it was a frightful sight to see the heaps of corpses piled up on the battle-field, especially where the English had closed with the Scots, for not one of them had been taken into mercy. The Earl of Buchan was among the slain in this bloody battle, which was long remembered in the annals of mediæval warfare.

Sir John Stuart of Darnley remained in the French service, and for his gallant deeds of arms received numerous liberal gifts from Charles VII. If the Scottish adventurers who lent their swords to France were loyal, it must be owned that the French kings were generous. Perhaps the brilliant Stuart valued as much as his lands and moneys the permission he received to quarter his arms with those of France.

Late in 1427, or early in the succeeding year, he was sent, accompanied by the Archbishop of Rheims and the Chancellor of Bayeux, to negotiate the marriage of the Dauphin with the Princess Margaret, the eldest daughter of James. I. The negotiation was successful, though, owing to the tender years of the high contracting parties, the marriage did not take place until 1436. The old alliance between France and Scotland being thus renewed and strengthened, King Charles gratefully conferred on his Scottish army the

county of Saintonge, with the castle and castle-demesne of Rochefort-sur-Charente, to possess in perpetuity, under reserve of the rights of the Crown.

The great turning-point in the Hundred Years' War between England and France was the siege of Orléans. Both sides recognized its importance, for its capture would have given England command of all the country south of the Loire. The forces mustered for the attack were therefore chosen from the best English soldiery, and placed under the command of some of our ablest captains. On the other hand, the besiegers were encouraged by the knowledge that King Charles and his council would leave nothing unattempted for their relief. The fighting men of Auvergne were summoned from its mountains to a rendezvous at Blois, to co-operate under the Comte de Clermont with the Orléanese in a general assault upon the English army on the right bank of the Loire. In the early days of 1429, two hundred lances led by the Admiral of France and Lafayette, its second marshal, rode into the beleaguered city, the approaches of which were not fully guarded, to arrange with Dunois, the governor, the details of the projected enterprise. Thither did his love of adventure turn Sir John Stuart, who had been on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land with his brother William, and four hundred gallant Scots. The end of the Carnival of 1429 was close at hand, and it became known that an important convoy of salted provisions

had been dispatched from Paris for the use of the English army during Lent. The cutting off of this convoy would greatly cripple the besiegers, and the French captain resolved upon this operation before they made any more serious movement.

They drew together at Yeuville, on February 11, five hundred lances from Orléans, under La Hire, Xaintrailles, and Lafayette; and upwards of four thousand men-at-arms and archers from Blois, under Clermont, Dunois, and Sir John Stuart. On the 12th, the united force nearly five thousand strong, moved forward by way of Etampes, and after two hours' marching came in sight of the English enemy, protected by one thousand five hundred men-at-arms and bowmen (those terrible English bowmen) under Sir John Fastolfe.

It was with anticipation of victory, and with the benedictions that men and women bestow on victors, that the city of Orléans had watched the departure of La Hire and his comrades. For two days the townsfolk waited in anxious suspense the issue of the fight that would probably decide their fortunes. Yet there seemed small cause for anxiety. Their countrymen had the advantage of numbers, in the proportion of two to one; the advantage of attacking the enemy when and where they would; the advantage of fighting unencumbered with baggage; and the advantage of having on their side the swords of Scottish veterans. They knew that the English would be taken by surprise, and that they were not only inferior in numbers, but embarrassed by the train of waggons which it was

their duty to escort, and by the crowd of merchants desirous under their safe-conduct of carrying their wares for sale or barter into the English camp. But they also knew that the yeomanry of England were not easily beaten, and that the division now approaching was led by Sir John Fastolfe, the ablest champion of the age.

It was late in the night of February 12 that the Orléanese were roused from their slumbers by the tramp of horses and the tread of men, who carried the news of their defeat. First came the horsemen of Auvergne riding hard, and, though with arms uninjured and equipment intact, crowned with shame and discomfiture. Next galloped into the city the vans laden with the dead and wounded, and after them straggled the scattered remains of the French army, with only a handful of the Scots. The chivalry of France had once more been pitted against the yeomanry of England, and had once more lost.

This was the method of the battle. Of the two French divisions, that under La Hire and Sir John Stuart was first upon the ground, so that it could see at one and the same time the English convoy slowly advancing from Angerville, and the troops of Dunois and the Comte de Clermont moving, at a league's distance, upon the village of Rouvrai-Saint-Denis. In acknowledgment of the superior rank of the Count, a prince of the blood, La Hire sent to him for instructions, and received orders to halt, but not to allow his horsemen to dismount. Thus the French threw away their advantage of

taking the English by surprise, and gave Fastolfe time to prepare for his defence. With his loaded waggons he formed a rough circular entrenchment, and within it drew up his sturdy Englishmen, between a double row of those pointed stakes which they always carried with them to oppose the attacks of cavalry, digging them deep into the soil, with their sharp tops turned towards the enemy.

"While La Hire and his soldiers," says Quicherat, "observed with fixed attention these preparations, the Auvergnats, having drawn bridle at Rouvrai, leisurely sacked the cellars of that village, and when messengers were sent to quicken their movements, the Comte de Clermont replied that the Orléanese must have patience. At length La Hire lost his temper; and, his cheeks burning with shame at the ridiculous attitude to which he had been condemned, he threw his troops upon the English baggage-train, where Fastolfe had stationed the waggons, merchants, and hucksters. He supposed that the English would break out of their temporary encampment and hasten to their relief, but Fastolfe was too skilled a commander to expose his small force in the open, and was content to pour in deadly volleys of arrows upon the enemy while engaged in their work of pillage. For a time La Hire made no advance against the English lines, afraid of impaling his horses upon the *chevaux-de-frise* of pointed stakes; but Sir John Stuart and his brother, wearying of inaction, flung themselves from their horses, and followed by the

Scots and Gascons, who imitated their example, rushed headlong forward. The struggling crowd was soon thrown into disorder by the cloth-yard shafts which fell in repeated showers. At this crisis Fastolfe let loose his men-at-arms; and, as the Comte de Clermont, indignant at the disobedience of his orders, retreated hastily upon Orléans, they soon slew or wounded every foeman whom they found upon the field. All the courage and steadfastness of Sir John and his countrymen could not turn back the tide of battle, and they fell, fighting bravely to the last."

The Parisians, as epigrammatic in the fifteenth as in the nineteenth century, satirically termed the rout of Rouvrai *la Journée des Harengs*, because the French cannon, instead of sweeping away the English ranks, shattered the barrels which contained the herrings and salt fish intended for the Lenten supply of the besiegers of Orléans.

The two Stuarts were buried in the cathedral of Orléans, in the chapel of Our White Lady, behind the choir, where also was interred Elizabeth, Sir John's wife. She and her husband had founded a daily high mass to be chanted in the chapel by a canon and the children of the choir, and this trust was fulfilled down to the time of the Revolution. As Constable of the Scottish army, Sir John was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir Alan, who arrived in France after the battle of Verneuil. The faithful service of the Stuarts brought them more honour than wealth; and in spite of grants made by Charles VII.—which could not be realized,

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owing to the disturbed state of the country—Sir John's sons were compelled to apply for protection from their creditors.

A Sir Hugh Kennedy may here be introduced as an excellent type of a certain class of valiant Scottish adventurers. According to Pitcairn, he was a son of the laird of Balgany, and destined in his early years for the monastic condition; but he had the soldier's temper and the adventurer's restlessness, and, casting his frock aside, crossed with the laird of Blaquham into France, and offered his sword to Charles VII. "Brother Hugh," as he was nicknamed, rapidly rose in the King's favour, distinguishing himself by his prowess at the battle of Baugy, at the battle of the Herrings, and in the deliverance of Orléans. Afterwards he accompanied Charles to the Holy Land, and clothed himself in the odour of sanctity. On his return he received intelligence of the death of his brother, the laird of Balgany. Thereupon he took leave of his royal friend and patron, who paid him for his services in gold and silver, and granted to him, as he had granted to Stuart of Darnley, permission to quarter with his arms the fleurs-de-lis of France.

On his arrival in Scotland, he purchased the lands of Arstensar (valued at ten livres yearly), and several other estates, with the French King's gifts; whence he acquired the significant nickname of *Come with the Penny*. He waxed fat, acquired an extensive property, and became progenitor of

several great houses. But his title to be remembered by posterity lies in the fact that he fought under the sacred banner of Jeanne d'Arc, the virgin-champion of France. Otherwise, there is reason to fear that he was a good deal of a freebooter, and that "the pence" he carried back with him to Scotland were not all obtained from so pure a source as the liberal hand of a grateful king.

It is pleasant to recollect that many gallant Scots fought by the side of the noble Maid of Orléans. At that grand pageant in the cathedral of Rheims, the coronation of Charles VII. (July 17, 1429), a distinguished company of Scottish "seigneurs, chefs et capitans de guerre," gathered round the Maid and the King. There were Patrick Ogilvy Earl of Angus, Christian Chambers, Gilbert Hay, John Lockhart, Peter Graham,[1] all of them knights; John Watt, John Lawes, Peter Law, Peter Arnot, Robert Houston, Michael Norville, Walter "Fautier," and another Gilbert Hay—possibly son of the former—who were probably men-at-arms.

Here is a grim story, which reveals the seamy side of war.

A Scottish adventurer, of the name of Michael Hamilton, relates that, in the Holy Week of the year 1429, he and several of his comrades were lodged in a village named Vallet, near the town of Clisson, where they were menaced by the Bretons, who swarmed about the neighbouring

[1] I render the French perversions into what, I hope, are good Scottish names.

country-side. A spy, who had been sent to ascertain the position of the Scots, fell into their hands; he was made to disclose his errand, and was then hung; after which they took to flight, but not without leaving some of their company in the hands of the peasants. Among these unfortunates was Hamilton himself, whom the weight of his armour had embarrassed; he was carried off to Clisson, and hung by the spy's son, who burned to avenge the death of his father. At the moment of his capture he had invoked the life of St Catherine, and made a vow to thank her in her chapel of Fierbois—where Jeanne d'Arc had discovered her sword—if she preserved him from death. A lucky vow! For, on the following night, while he was still dangling from the gibbet, the curé of Clisson heard a voice which bade him make haste and cut down the Scotchman. At first he paid little attention; but the order being repeated, he sent one of his parishioners to see if the unfortunate man were dead or not. After turning and re-turning the suspended body, his messenger, to make sure, took the boot off the right foot of Hamilton, and pierced his little toe in such wise that the blood flowed; Hamilton, feeling himself wounded, drew back his leg, and stirred.

Panic-stricken, the messenger took to his heels, and never stopped until he reached the house of the curé, to whom he related all that had passed. Perceiving in this strange affair an intervention from on high, the curé repeated the facts to his people; and he and his fellow-clergy, assuming

their sacerdotal habits, went in procession to the gibbet, and cut down Hamilton. This was done in the presence of the man who had acted as his executioner; and he, in a storm of wrath at the escape of his victim—though he was himself to blame for having hung him so clumsily that death had not supervened!—gave him with his sword a slash on the ear. The crowd, however, interfered; Hamilton was set upon horseback, and conveyed to a house to be taken care of; but the wonderful story reaching the ears of the Abbess of la Regrippière, she sent for its hero to her convent, and undertook his charge. Hamilton was reciting the narrative of his adventures, when a voice reminded him that he had a vow to fulfil. In a fortnight, when he was in a condition to move, he proceeded toward Fierbois, where, we will hope that, like an honest Scotchman, he discharged his obligation to St. Catherine.

In the year rendered memorable by the battle of Verneuil, one Robert Pittillock, of Dundee, with a company of adventurers, made his appearance in the French wars. He did such excellent service to Charles VII., principally in the south of France, and was held in such esteem, that he received and long bore the sham title of "Little King of Gascony." In the letters of naturalization which were given to him by Charles, he is designated "squire of the royal stable" (*écuyer de l'écurie du Roi*); a circumstance which lends probability to the statement of Hector Boece, that he began in the lowest grade of the Scots Guard, and by his courage and fidelity

raised himself to the command. It is interesting to remember that in this position he had under his orders a Scotchman named Poquelin, whose descendants afterwards settled at Paris, and gave to France one of its greatest literary glories in the person of Jean Poquelin, better known by his assumed name of Molière.

It is said—I don't know on what authority—that after Pittillock's death, a statue was erected to his honour in the hall of the King's palace.

To enumerate all the gallant Scotchmen who distinguished themselves on the battle-fields of France would be a task beyond my purpose. Some of these won wealth and rank, besides fame; founded families, and took their places in the ranks of the French aristocracy; thus offering a constant incentive to the Scottish youth to transport their intrepid and courageous spirits to a country which welcomed them so cordially. During the fifteenth century there was a constant immigration into France of these adventurers—younger sons, probably, most of them, with a good deal more of pedigree than purse.

Now I pass on to speak of that famous fighting company, the Scots Guards, with whom the genius of Sir Walter Scott, in the stirring pages of *Quentin Durward*, has made most of us familiar.

CHAPTER II

THE SCOTS GUARD

THERE are not wanting authorities who pretend that the Scots Guard was founded by no less a personage than Charlemagne; but to the acceptance of this interesting statement the objections are obvious. Though the origin of the Guard is enveloped in a good deal of obscurity, the most probable explanation seems to be that it was first formed out of the few gallant Scots who escaped from the crushing defeat at Verneuil, and were willing to enrol themselves permanently as the body-guard of Charles VII. At the death of that generous master, in 1461, they showed their grief by weeping aloud—in strange contrast to the normal Scottish self-control. An old chronicler thought the thing worth recording—

> "Les gens et serviteurs pleuroient
> A chaudes larmes fondamment,
> Et les Escossoys hault crioient
> Par forme de gemissement."

[His people and servants wept hot tears abundantly, and the Scotch cried aloud in sob and groan.] They had reason to lament a king who had

befriended them greatly and treated them with special confidence. Not content with entrusting to them the care of his person, he made their captain, Nicholas Chambers, one of his familiar friends, and poured liberal gifts into his hands.

Under Louis XI. the Guard consisted of one hundred men-at-arms and two hundred archers. Its captain was a high officer of state, and appointed, at first, by the King of Scotland. Later on in its history, when the influx of Scots into France had ceased, and the Guard was Scotch only in name, it became necessary to place so important an office in native hands. Mr. Hill Burton thinks that, to avoid offending the pride of their susceptible allies, the change was smoothed over by the selection of a native Frenchman with a Scotch name, the Count of Montgomery; but this may simply have been a coincidence. His son, who succeeded him in the captaincy, was the unhappy Montgomery whose spear killed King Henry II. at the tournament held in honour of his daughter Elizabeth's marriage to Philip II. of Spain. The death of King Henry, by raising to the throne his eldest son, her husband, as Francis II., made Mary Stuart Queen of France.

The privileges of the Scots Guard point to the fulness of trust reposed in its members. The protection of the royal person was entrusted to twenty-four of them, who took charge of the keys of his sleeping-chamber, and of the oratory where he offered up his prayers. When, in the course of a royal progress, he entered a walled town, its keys

were placed in the hands of the Captain of the Guard. They escorted his boat when he crossed a ferry, and surrounded his litter when he was carried. On ordinary occasions two of them stood behind him; but during great ceremonies, three stood on either side of the throne.

As a special honour, they were allowed to decorate their halberds with white silk fringe—white being the royal colour of France.

Mr. Hill Burton observes that "there is something melancholy beyond description in contemplating the condition of a country, the vital treasures of which had to be confided to the fidelity and bravery of hireling strangers." He adds—"If there was a fault in the affair, however, it was not with the Scots; they were true to their trust, and paid faith with faith. On their side of the bargain, too, there is something touching in the picture of a hardy, high-spirited race robbed of their proper field of exertion at home, and driven to a foreign land, there to bestow the enterprising energy that might have made their own illustrious; and serving a foreign master with the single-minded fidelity that had been nourished within them by the love of their own land and kindred."

One of the most notable instances of this fidelity is recorded by Philip de Comines. It was the proven courage and loyalty of the Scots Guard that delivered Louis XI. from imminent peril in his ill-advised attack, in concert with the Duke of Burgundy, upon the city of Liège. Louis, at the

time, was plotting to crush the independence of Burgundy and bring it under the rule of France, while the Duke was intriguing to convert his duchy into a kingdom, which should eventually include France itself. Over-reaching himself by the very subtlety of his plans, Louis got placed within the Burgundian lines with no apparent resource but his Scots Guard, and when the Liègeois made a desperate sortie against the Duke's camp, his danger was very real.

"I, and two gentlemen more of his bed-chamber," says Philip de Comines, "lay that night in the Duke of Burgundy's chamber (which was very small), and above us were twelve archers upon the guard, all of them in their clothes, and playing at dice. His main guard was at a good distance, and towards the gate of the town; in short, the master of the house where the Duke was quartered, having drawn out a good party of the Liègeois, came so suddenly upon the Duke, we had scarcely time to put on his back and breast-plate, and a steel morion on his head. As soon as this was done, we ran down-stairs into the street, but found our archers engaged with the enemy, against whom they with difficulty defended the doors and windows. In the street the noise and uproar was terrible, some crying out, 'God bless the King!' others, 'God bless the Duke of Burgundy!' and others, 'God bless the King!' and 'Kill, kill, kill!'

"It was some time before our archers and ourselves could beat the enemy from the doors, and

get out of the house. We knew not in what condition the King was, nor whether he was for or against us, which put us into a great consternation. As soon as we were in the street, we discovered, with the help of two or three torches, some few of our men, and could perceive people fighting round about us; but the action there was soon over, the soldiers from all parts crowding in to the Duke's quarter. The Duke's landlord was the first man of the enemy's side that was killed (who did not die at once, for I heard him speak), and with him his whole party—or, at least, most of them—were cut in pieces.

"The King was attacked in the same manner by *his* landlord, who forced his way into his house, but was slain by the Scots Guard. These Scotch soldiers behaved themselves right gallantly, held fast their ground, would not budge a step from their master,[1] and were very alert with their bows and arrows, with which, it is said, they wounded and killed more of the Burgundians than of the enemy. Those who were appointed made their sally at the gate, but found a strong guard to oppose them, who gave them a warm reception, and as they were not such good soldiers as the rest, quickly beat them back. As soon as they were repulsed, the King and the Duke met, and held conference together. Seeing several dead bodies around them, they feared their loss had been greater than it really proved to have been;

[1] "Se monstrerent bien bonnes gens; car ils ne bougerent du pied de leur maistre."

for upon examination they found that not many had been killed, though not a few were wounded; and undoubtedly, if the enemy had not halted at those two places, and especially at the barn, where they met with more resistance, but had followed their guides, they would have slain both King Louis and the Duke, and in all probability would have defeated the rest of the army.

"Each of these princes retired to his quarters greatly astonished at the boldness of the attempt; and immediately a council of war was summoned to decide what measures should be taken the next morning in relation to the assault which had previously been determined upon. The King was in great perplexity, for he feared that if the Duke did not take the city by storm, the inconvenience would be his, and he would either be kept longer under restraint, or made an absolute prisoner, for the Duke could not think himself secure against a war with France if he should suffer him to depart. By this distrust of each other one may clearly discover the miserable condition of these two princes, who were wholly unable to confide in one another, though they had made a firm peace not a fortnight before, and solemnly sworn to preserve it."

In elucidation of the above episode it may be stated that the object of Duke Charles of Burgundy was to punish the Liègeois for having treated their bishop with contumelious violence. Knowing that the walls of the city had not been repaired since he had battered them not long before, he advanced with reckless confidence, so that his vanguard was

surprised, under cover of night, by a party of the citizens, and lost eight hundred men.

When the Duke and King Louis XI. arrived, they took up their quarters in two villas situated near to the city walls. During the two or three days which followed, Louis pressed the siege with great regularity and prudence; while the Duke showed his characteristic recklessness, and watched his ally much more closely than he watched the movements of his rebellious citizens.

At length October 20, 1468, was fixed for a general storm. The citizens, forewarned of the intention, resolved to prevent its being carried out by a desperate sortie through the breaches in their walls. They fell upon the Duke of Burgundy's quarters before his guards could put on their armour; and almost simultaneously attacked the King's, but were foiled by the steadfastness of the Scots Guard. When the men-at-arms, Burgundian and French, recovered from their confusion, they speedily compelled the citizens to fall back within their walls; and, weary and disappointed, they made but an ineffective resistance when the storm took place at daybreak. Liège was taken; and the usual scene of rapine, pillage, and murder followed.

The incidents are introduced in Scott's *Quentin Durward*, the novelist varying but little in the main lines of his narrative from those of Comines.

The costume of a soldier of the Scots Guard, as described by Scott in the person of Ludovic Lesly, was very imposing.

"His dress and arms were splendid. He wore his national bonnet, crested with a tuft of feathers, and with a Virgin Mary of massive silver for a brooch. These brooches had been presented to the Scottish Guard, in consequence of the King, in one of his fits of superstitious piety, having devoted the swords of his guard to the service of the Holy Virgin, and, as some say, carried the matter so far as to draw out a commission to Our Lady as their Captain-general. The archer's gorget, arm-pieces, and gauntlets were of the finest steel, curiously inlaid with silver, and his hauberk, or shirt of mail, was as clear and bright as the frost-work of a winter morning upon fern or brier. He wore a loose surcoat or cassock, of rich blue velvet, open at the sides like that of a herald, with a large white St. Andrew's cross of embroidered silver bisecting it both before and behind; his knees and legs were protected by hose of mail and shoes of steel; a broad strong poniard (called the *Mercy of God*) hung by his right side; the baldrick for his two-handed sword, richly embroidered, hung upon his left shoulder; but, for convenience, he at present carried in his hand that unwieldy weapon, which the rules of his service forbade him to lay aside."

Each archer of the Scots Guard was mounted as sumptuously as he was armed and equipped; and each was entitled to allowance for a squire, a valet, a page, and two yeomen, one of whom was termed *coutelier*, from the large knife which he wore to dispatch those whom in the *mêlée* his master had thrown to the ground. "With these followers

and a corresponding equipage, an archer of the Scots Guard was a person of quality and importance; and vacancies being generally filled up by those who had been trained in the service as pages or valets, the cadets of the best Scotch families were often sent to serve under some friend and relation in these capacities, until a chance of preferment should occur." The *coutelier* and his fellow-yeoman, not being of noble birth, and incapable of promotion to the grade of archers, were recruited from an inferior social class; but their pay being liberal and their appointments excellent, their masters had no difficulty in selecting from the stout Scots who sought their fortune, almost any number of persons fitted to wait upon them in these capacities. The general equipment of the yeoman resembled his master's, but he wore no armour on the limbs, and the body armour was more coarsely wrought; the cassock was made of serge instead of velvet; and the cap was without a plume.

The Scots Guard rendered excellent service to King Louis at Montlhéry, where they twice delivered the Comte de Charolais from the attacks of the enemy. They were also in close attendance on the King, in April 1475, when he mustered his forces at Porte-Sainte-Mayence against the Duke of Burgundy.

Down to the middle of the fifteenth century, the conduct of the archers of the Scots Guard appears (says M. Michel) to have given rise to no serious complaint; a fact very much to the credit of a

body of soldiers so privileged and caressed. In 1463, however, one was dismissed for having killed a comrade—it is not said under what circumstances, nor whether he suffered any other punishment; and in 1474 some of them were involved in an affair which is thus recorded by an old chronicler, Jean de Troyes.

The young son of a *brigandinier* (that is, a maker of coats-of-mail), who had been brought up in part by a Paris fishmonger, and was thus aware that during Lent he had amassed a large sum of money by the sale of fish, was ungrateful enough to plan his robbery. Concealing himself in the fishmonger's house, he opened the door at midnight to three Scots, his accomplices, one of whom was called Mortimer, alias *l'Écuyer*, and another Thomas Clerk. The name of the third is not given. The robbers carried off a sum of two thousand five hundred livres tournois; but their crime was soon detected, and the utmost diligence used in pursuing them. So that on the very same day the young *brigandinier* was hunted down at the Carmelites, where he had taken refuge as in an inviolable asylum; but he was haled out of the sacred precincts, loaded with irons, and conveyed to the prison of the Châtelet. There he confessed that his pawky confederates had taken all the money. Mortimer would soon have been an inmate of the same prison, but a couple of the Scots Guard seeing a fellow-countryman in danger, fell upon the officers and enabled him to escape. Another of the robbers, who was found in sanctuary

in the church of St. Catherine du Val des Écoliers, offered a stout resistance, wounding several of the Provost's men. Covered with blood, he was dragged to the Châtelet, where he confessed his crime, and whence he emerged only to be hung and strangled on the gallows of Paris. He alone seems to have suffered punishment.

We read of the Scots Guard again in 1486, when Charles VIII. made a grand entry into Troyes, preceded by these splendid warriors in all their martial bravery. Every eye was attracted by the standard of their captain. It was of three colours, red, white, and green, and measured six feet in length. Upon its silken folds were emblazoned a golden sun and a figure of St. Michael, "the protector of France."

Octavien de Saint-Gelais, a French poet of the time, describing the visit of King Charles VIII. to Florence, introduces a really graphic sketch of our gallant Scots, which the reader may like to see in the original spelling—

"Après vindront les archiers de la garde,
Grans, puissans, bien croisez, bien perduz,
Qui ne portoient picque ne halebarde,
Fors qui biens avez gorrierement tenduz.
Leurs bracelez aux pongnetz estendez
Bien atachez à grans chaynes d'argent,
Autour du col le gorgerin bien gent,
De cramoisy le plantureux pourpoint
Assez propre, fusse pour un regent
Ou grant duc, acoustré bien à point,
Dessus le chief la bien clue sallade
A cloux douz fourniz de pierreries,
Dessus le dos le hocqueton fort sade

Tout sursemé de fini orphavine,
La courte dague, l'espée bien fourtre,
Le gaye tronose à custode vermeille
Le pied en l'air, aux escoutes l'oreille."

Freely rendered, the passage quoted puts the Scottish archers before us in a spirited fashion as tall and strong, well-set-up, well-limbed,—carrying neither pike nor halberd, but a bow of mighty dimensions,—their bracelets fastened to great silver chains; around the neck a bright steel gorget; the cremoisy *pourpoint* or doublet fit for a regent or a grand duke; on the head a shining sallet or steel cap, its gilded nails set with precious stones; on the back a hauberk, inlaid with the finest gold-work; a short dagger; a well-polished sword; scarlet trews; the foot in the air, and ears always on the alert. It is easy, from this description, to conjure up the picturesque figures of these sons of Scotland, as, proud of their trust and themselves, they marched airily along with a free proud gait, but always on the watch for hidden or open foe.

George Cavendish, in his *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, when recording the Cardinal's interview with Francis I., in 1527, mentions that the King had "about his person, both before him and behind him, besides the wonderful number of noblemen and gentlemen, three great guards diversely apparelled." And he adds—"The third guard was *pour le corps*, which was of tall Scots, *much more comelier persons than all the rest.* The French guard and the Scots had all one livery, which was

rich coats of fine white cloth, with a guard of silver bullion embroidered an handful broad."

In 1488, the Duke of Orléans (afterwards Louis XII.), having been taken prisoner at the battle of Saint-Aubin (July 27), was detained in the great Tower of Bourges until July 1489, in the custody of a company of Scotch archers, commanded by Captain Patrick Maclellan. They not only garrisoned the Tower, but also occupied some of the neighbouring houses.

Yielding to the earnest entreaties of his sister, Jeanne de France, Charles VIII. pardoned her husband. One evening the King set out secretly from the Castle of Plessis-les-Tours, under the pretence that he was going hunting, and forbade his suite to follow him. Attended by a small escort, he rode to Montrichard, where he passed the night, and on the day after followed the banks of the Cher to the bridge of Barangeon, near the confluence of the Cher and the Indre. There he halted, and sent forward to Bourges a certain Bernard Stuart, Lord of Aubigny, who afterwards became Viceroy and Constable of Sicily and Jerusalem.

The Lord of Aubigny was well known at Bourges. He went straight to the great Tower, and in virtue of the King's orders, released from custody the Duke of Orléans, then mounted him on horseback, and conducted him to the bridge of Barangeon. On arriving in the presence of the King, who awaited him with patience, the Duke hastily dismounted and threw himself on his knees: Charles

VIII. raised him, embraced him, and both then rode to Bourges. There they were seated at the same table, and after dinner remained together unattended, conversing for a long time. The bursts of laughter which were heard without sufficiently attested to the thoroughness of the reconciliation between the two princes; of which a further proof was given, after the fashion of the age, by their occupying the same bed at night.

A few years later, another distinguished prisoner, Ludovic Sforza, of Milan, was entrusted by Louis VII. to the fidelity of some of the Scots Guard in the Castle of Loches. The chronicler relates that in the early days of his captivity he was shut up in a subterranean chamber, of which the door and roof were of iron; but afterwards, in the custody of "some Scotch soldiers," he was allowed more liberty.

This paragraph is a digression. Let us return to Charles VIII., and follow him on his celebrated expedition into Italy in 1494. From the pages of Paulus Jovino we learn that the gigantic and brawny Scots of the royal guard were the observed of all observers on the King's entrance into Rome; and that there, as elsewhere, they guarded not only the entrance to the royal lodgings, but every door which gave access to his private apartment. Their prowess was the theme of universal admiration throughout the campaign; and at the battle of Fornovo, where nine of them were slain, they specially distinguished themselves.

In the Naples campaign, in 1495, the Scotch

archers, under Bernard Stuart, Lord of Aubigny (to whom I have already referred), displayed their characteristic intrepidity. D'Aubigny, however, found himself unable to resist the attacks of the "Great Captain," Gonzalvo of Cordova, and fell back into Calabria, the greater portion of which was in the hands of the French. But the arms of the Great Captain continued to be successful; and, after losing Manfredonia and Cosenza, finding himself besieged in Groppoli without hope of assistance, he abandoned the province, and obtained permission to return to France by land.

On his return he was rewarded for his services with the collar of the Order of Saint Michael. As for his gallant Scotch archers, he would seem to have lost twenty-two; for when their equipment was renewed, payment was made for the embroidery of only eight-and-seventy hauberks (1500).

I pass briefly over these events because, even to the Scots reader of to-day, unless he be a student or an expert, they belong to ancient history, and have no living interest or importance wherefore he should give them any special attention; yet, at the same time, as his ancestors and countrymen were concerned in them—the members of the famous Scots Guard which so bravely upheld the good repute of the Scottish arms—he cannot be supposed to be wholly indifferent.

There is not much more to be said about them. Henry II. held them in as much esteem as Charles VIII. or Louis XI. had done, and was never loth to grant them his special patronage. During his

reign occurred a quaint little affair of which Sir James Melville speaks in his *Memoirs*. Briefly told, this is the sum of it.—Captain Ringan Cockburn of the Scots Guard, after a visit to the home country, had just returned to his post. Melville describes him as a plunderer, who visited some of Melville's friends. One day he asked Melville if he spoke French well. No, he did not. He was always talking—this captain—of the important things he wanted to confide to the Constable, who then governed France under the King; and he entreated Melville to act as his interpreter, since he himself could stammer out only a few French phrases. But he refused to reveal what he wanted to say to the Constable, except in his presence. At last, the Constable agreed to give them an audience, and they were ushered, one day, into his cabinet, when he was alone with his secretary. Then the captain began his declaration, and invited Melville to translate it, but that shrewd Scot wished to know more. Whereupon the captain recited a tremendously prolix narrative about the Archbishop of St. Andrews and his recent cure of an attack of asthma by Cardano, an Italian magician. Pressed to translate what the captain had been saying, young Melville, reddening to the eyes, boldly replied to the Constable with the advice not to waste his time in listening to such a rigmarole—a plainness of language and a common-sense which greatly impressed the French statesman. He took down the name of the young Scot, and his interest knew no bounds when he saw him refuse the assistance

which the captain had offered through a fiction. Melville afterwards entered the French service (in July 1553).

The members of the Scots Guard were doughty swordsmen, but, I suspect, indifferent penmen. One of them, however, not only wrote a book but printed it. This was Robert Norvill, man-at-arms, who embraced the principles of the reformed religion, and in consequence was sent to the Bastile. To beguile the weary hours of his captivity he wrote a small volume entitled "The Mirroure of the Christian, composed and drawn from the Holy Scriptures by Robert Norvill, man-at-arms, during the time of his captivitie at Paris in the Bastillie for the testimonie of our saviour Jesus Christ," which he dedicated to his comrades—"To all the Archers of the Scottish Guard I wish health, honour, and prosperity." Norvill's book was printed at Edinburgh in 1561. Probably he had been dismissed from the French service, and had returned to his own country.

I shall conclude this chapter with the tragic story of Robert Stuart, who, like Norvill, was a Reformer, but met with a harsher fate. It throws a vivid side-light on the stormy lives that were led by these Scottish adventurers in the stirring times of old.

One December evening, in 1559, Antoine Minard, President of the Parliament of Paris, a zealous partisan of the Guises, was killed with a pistol-shot by some unknown hand as he was returning from the palace. The voice of rumour was

immediately busy as to the author of the crime, and his motive. Motives were readily conjectured, for the President's immorality was as notorious as the general viciousness of his conduct; besides, it was known that he was exceedingly obnoxious to the Lutherans, because he instigated the Guises to persecute them, and did them many other wrongs, though he had formerly professed their doctrine. Suspicion, after hovering over many persons, settled at last upon this Robert Stuart, who claimed kinship with the Queen (Mary Stuart); and as he was known to have paid several visits to his imprisoned co-religionists, he was arrested on an accusation of having schemed to effect their deliverance by setting fire to the city, and in the consequent confusion breaking open the various prisons.

I suspect that the charge was not without foundation, for Stuart did not succeed in shaking the evidence of those witnesses with whom he was confronted; but the Parliament refused to condemn him. Of this laxity the King was far from approving; and he sent instructions to the parliament to put the unfortunate Scot to the torture, in order to get at the bottom and source of the evil. Stuart made an appeal to Mary Stuart; but that princess, desirous of pleasing her uncles, the Guises, disavowed her alleged kinsman, and he was bound to the rack. Nothing, however, was extorted from him; and eventually he was set free.

Not the less was he fated to come to a violent end. The old Constable, Anne de Montmorency, having been killed, like President Minard, by a

pistol-shot, his death also was attributed to Stuart, who, it was alleged, made his bullets of such a composition that no cuirass, however well tempered, was proof against them. He called them "Stuardio," says Brantôme, and gave them to his Huguenot friends.

This Stuart, says the gossiping old chronicler, was taken prisoner at the battle of Jarnac, and brought before the General, M. le Marquis de Villars, who, as soon as he caught sight of him, went up to him, and cried, "Wretch that thou art, it is thou who didst wickedly kill my brother; thou shalt die." And turning to Monsieur le Prince, he said—"Monsieur, I beg you, for the services which I have done you, give me leave to kill this man now in your presence." Monsieur at first refused; but the Marquis pressing him with ceaseless importunity, he reluctantly exclaimed, "Well, be it so." "Oh, Monsieur," cried Stuart, "you are so magnanimous and generous a prince that you would not pollute your eyes or your beautiful soul with so foul a sight." But having been dragged to some distance from Monsieur, though not so far but that he could hear the poor wretch's prayers, he was disarmed and killed in cold blood.

This cruel deed was the subject of much angry discussion, and called forth a strong remonstrance from the Prince of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV.

Thus did the bold Scottish adventurer literally carry his life in his hands. He played for high stakes, and if he lost—as lose he sometimes did—it was with this he paid.

CHAPTER III

SIR JOHN HEPBURN

AMONG the many gallant Scots who won distinction under "the Invincible Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and Bulwark of the Protestant Religion," the most eminent was, undoubtedly, the renowned captain, Sir John Hepburn. We may not all of us agree with his biographer that, in the age of the Thirty Years' War—an age illustrated by the military genius of Tilly, Mansfeldt, Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, Pappenheim, and Wallenstein—he, as a commander, ranked next to Gustavus; but we will not refuse the tribute of admiration that is due to his courage and capacity. He was of the stuff of which great generals are made; and under different conditions, and on a wider field, might have risen to a foremost position.

Sir John came of the Hepburns of Athelstaneford, in Haddingtonshire—the quiet secluded village associated with the memory of Home, the author of *Douglas*—where he was born in the year 1598 or 1600, in his father's house, which, I believe, is still in existence. A tall, active, handsome, and high-spirited young fellow, he seems from his earliest

years to have displayed a spirit of adventure—a restless temper that nothing but action could satisfy. He rode with skill, grace, and boldness, was famous among his comrades as *un beau sabreur*, and in all athletic exercises easily gained distinction. His great friend and class-fellow was Robert Monro, who afterwards shared with him in the campaigns of Gustavus Adolphus; and in the latter months of 1618 the two travelled on the Continent, visiting Paris and Poitiers, picking up a colloquial knowledge of French and German, and gaining some insight into Continental methods of warfare. They heard, too, much talk of the genius of the great King of Sweden, and the reports of his achievements kindled in the breast of young Hepburn "a spark of military ardour which was never extinguished till his death."

The young gentlemen of Scotland were necessarily attracted to the field of war in Bohemia; for the cause that struggled there against the House of Austria was one that commended itself alike to their religious, chivalrous, and loyal sympathies. The Elector Frederick, who had been raised to the throne of Bohemia,[1] represented the Calvinism of Germany; his wife was Elizabeth Stuart, the fair and accomplished daughter of James VI., on behalf of whose beauty and misfortunes a thousand swords leaped from their scabbards. When the drums of Sir Andrew Gray, a gallant soldier of fortune, beat up for volunteers in East Lothian to serve under

[1] November 2, 1619.

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her standard, we need not wonder, therefore, that one of the first to ride into his camp was young Hepburn of Athelstaneford. Having raised a force of one thousand five hundred men, Sir Andrew, in May 1620, embarked at Leith, and crossed over to Holland, whence by way of Frankfort he proceeded to join the Bohemian army. Young Hepburn was then promoted to the command of a company of pikes, which was selected for the honour of guarding King Frederick's person; but the disastrous battle under the walls of Prague, on November 1, ruined the Protestant cause in Bohemia. The defeated sovereign fled from the field like a craven, seeking safety first in Denmark, then in Holland, in England, and finally in France. Thus suddenly deserted, Sir Andrew's Scottish companies rallied to the flag of the Count of Mansfeldt, and smelt the smoke of battle in Germany and Alsace. In 1622, they proved their constancy in the defence of Bergen-op-Zoom against the Spanish army under the famous Marquis de Spinola; and side by side fought "old Morgan with his English brigade," Scotchmen and Englishmen being no longer divided by the old national enmities. The garrison fired "two hundred thousand cannon-shot" on the besiegers, who on the approach of Prince Maurice with an army of relief, suddenly struck their tents and retired, leaving twelve thousand dead in their abandoned trenches.

The German princes making peace with the Emperor, Mansfeldt and his fighting-men found

themselves without employment, and, what was now more irksome, without pay. To keep his followers in heart, Mansfeldt led them into Lorraine, where they pillaged and burnt and ravaged without stint, until the Dutch, who were hard pressed by the Spaniards, agreed to hire their services, whereupon, with blare of trumpets and roll of drums, they marched, horse and foot, twelve thousand veteran soldiers, into the fertile plains of the Netherlands. Spinola dispatched a powerful force to intercept them, and a desperate engagement took place near Namur, on August 30, 1622. Mansfeldt and the Bishop of Halberstadt charged at the head of their *condottieri* with singular resolution, and succeeded in breaking through the Spanish steel-clad lines, although not without heavy loss. "Many gentlemen, both English and Scots," says Wilson, "out of love to the Queen of Bohemia, behaved themselves gallantly, and let the Spaniard know it was more than an ordinary shock they encountered; among whom Sir Charles Rich, brother to the Earl of Warwick, was a principal person; Sir James Hayes, Knevet, Hume, Hepburn, and other commanders, all striving for co-rivalship in bravery."

Entering Holland, Mansfeldt compelled Spinola to raise for the second time the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom; and then cantoned his battle-weary troops among the well-to-do towns and fat villages of East Friesland as long as the Dutch would provide them with free quarters. Then he harried the valley of the Lower Rhine, until his army

gradually disbanded itself in the summer of 1623 for want of a common cause and a good paymaster. Thereupon Sir Andrew Gray returned to Scotland, while the remains of the Scottish companies found a new and more active leader in Captain Hepburn, and under his command, offered their swords to the great King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, for whose genius Hepburn had long cherished a fervent admiration. Gustavus had a keen eye for capable soldiers, and at once appointed Hepburn colonel of a Scottish regiment, composed of his old Bohemian comrades—of which regiment the First Foot, or Loyal Scots Regiment of the British line, is now, it is said, the direct representative. In this important command his high soldierly qualities were brilliantly tested, and secured for him the esteem and confidence of his royal master. Defoe, in his *Memoirs of a Cavalier* (which, if partly fictitious, would seem to have been based on an authentic narrative), says—"He was a complete soldier indeed, and so well-beloved by the gallant king that he hardly knew how to go about any great action without him."

Some of the best families of Scotland had their representatives in the Swedish army: Hamiltons, Seatons, Ruthvens, Mackays, Leslies, Monros, Sinclairs, Drummonds, Campbells, Montgomeries, Gordons, Duffs, Douglasses—we meet with all these historic names. In the *Atlas Geographus* (London, 1711) we read that in 1633, two Scottish regiments were employed to guard the Swede King's person, though at that time he had both

Swedes and Dutch in camp. In the conquered provinces of Germany he gave the command of sixty towns, castles, and forts to Scottish soldiers. Another authority states that at one time Gustavus had in his service no fewer than four field-marshals, three generals, one lieutenant-general, thirteen major-generals, three brigadier-generals, twenty-seven colonels, fifty-one lieutenant-colonels, and fourteen majors, "with an unknown number of captains and subalterns; besides seven regiments of Scots that lay in Sweden and Livonia (and six elsewhere). The Dutch in Gustavus's service were many times glad to beat 'the old Scots march,' when they designed to frighten or alarm the enemy; and 'tis observed that Sir John Hamilton abandoned the army, though earnestly pressed by Gustavus to stay, only because the Swedes and the Dutch were ordered to storm the enemy's works before him at Wurtzburg, after he and his men had boldly hewn out the way for them." In such repute were these brave Scotchmen held, and such was the proud temper in which they did their service.

As a colonel of infantry, Hepburn's yearly pay was £380—which, of course, would now-a-days be represented by a much larger sum. He was also entitled to a coach as part of his equipage; but though he had one "for form's sake, or the convenience of a wounded comrade," he himself always rode at the head of his Scottish musketeers. A lieutenant-colonel received £190 per annum; a captain, £128; a musketeer or pikeman, 6*d.* per

diem; and a cuirassier, 11*d.* Under Gustavus Adolphus, a regiment consisted of eight companies, and each company of seventy-two musketeers and fifty-four pikemen, or a total of one thousand and eight men, exclusive of officers.

In 1625, Hepburn served in the Swede King's campaign against Sigismund, King of Poland, his regiment forming part of the army which broke into Courland and Livonia, captured the strong places in both provinces, and totally defeated the Polish generals, Sapieha and Gosieowski, at Wallhof, on January 6, 1626. Hepburn specially distinguished himself at the relief of Mewe, a fortified town, situated on the river Vistula, which King Sigismund had blockaded with three thousand Poles, entrenching them on a steep green hill, so as to cut off communication between the town and the surrounding country, and command all the approaches. He strengthened the post with a couple of heavy batteries; while the whole line of his entrenched infantry, with their bows and matchlocks, swept the rugged slopes which lay below their earthen parapets.

Gustavus Adolphus threw forward three Scottish regiments of foot under Hepburn, and five hundred horse under Count Thurn, with instructions to force the passage of this fortified hill, and cut their way into the town. It was dusk when Hepburn, who had marched by a secret road, in perfect silence, came in view of it. Finding that his advance had not been discovered, he swept round on the Polish flank, and climbed the steep acclivity,

through trees and bushes and rocks, with incredible patience, the soldiers helping themselves upward by clinging to the overhanging branches, like sailors climbing the shrouds of a ship. The Poles had never dreamed of an attack from this side, which seemed accessible only to goats, and were taken by surprise when the Scots, with a loud shout, fell upon them. The trenches were stormed at push of pike; but then the Poles recovered themselves, and opened such a terrible fire of musketry, mingled with showers of arrows, stones, and other missiles, that the Scots were forced to fall back; whereupon squadrons of Cossacks and Heyducks, clad in mail shirts and steel caps, dashed headlong upon them, with levelled lances and waving scimitars. Hepburn slowly and steadily withdrew his men to an ascent that seemed defensible, beating back the charges of these wild horsemen, who yelled, "These curs shall feel the bite of the Polish wolves!"

On this rocky eminence the brave Scottish pikemen stood shoulder to shoulder, "immovable as a wall of brass," placing in their front the sharpened stakes, or *chevaux-de-frise*, which they always carried with them—the "Swedish feathers" of Captain Dalgetty.[1] Here, for two whole days, Hepburn

[1] "The Swedish feathers, whilk your honour must conceive to be double-pointed stakes, shod with iron at each end, and planted before the squad of pikes to prevent an outfall of the cavalry. The whilk Swedish feathers, although they look gay to the eye, resembling the shrubs or lesser trees of ane forest, as the puissant pikes, arranged in battalia behind them, correspond to the tall pines thereof, yet, nevertheless,

resisted the attack of the Polish army, while Gustavus succeeded in relieving the town by throwing into it supplies of men and ammunition. Thus baffled in their aim, the Poles slowly retreated, leaving all the honours of war with Hepburn and his gallant Scots.

I have not the space for a detailed narrative of the campaigns in which Hepburn bore a part, nor would such a narrative now-a-days tend to the reader's entertainment. Most of the battle-fields which witnessed his victorious charges are now forgotten; their names suggest no associations of interest to the minds of men. Let us pass on to the stirring events which are still full of vitality, because their issues affected the course of history, and determined the fortunes of Europe even to our own time—of the Thirty Years' War—a war which saved Protestantism in Germany, and with it the cause of religious tolerance and intellectual development; a war which by its far-reaching consequences rendered German unity possible when the opportunity came, as we have seen it come.

Supported by France for political reasons with some cordiality, but with more or less coldness by the Protestant States of North Germany, and by England and Holland, who ought to have been his strongest allies, Gustavus Adolphus, in 1630, appeared as the champion of Protestantism against the great Catholic league, of which the Emperor

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are not altogether so soft to encounter as the plumage of a goose."—*Legend of Montrose*, chap. ii.

Ferdinand II. was the head. I believe that he undertook the task in a nobly unselfish spirit—not, perhaps, without some design to strengthen the European position of his own kingdom, but mainly in defence of the persecuted Gospel in which he was a devout believer. "To extend the power of Sweden, to support the princes of Germany against the Emperor's encroachments, to give a firm and unassailable standing-ground to German Protestantism, were all to him," says Gardiner, "parts of one great work, scarcely ever in thought to be separated from one another."

Gustavus had at this time in his service upwards of a thousand officers and twelve thousand men—all Scots—men inured to danger, experienced in arms, and faithful to one another and their leaders. They formed the heart and brain of his army; and upon these choice soldiers he devolved the most serious duties and desperate enterprises. "Amongst these forces," says the historian of the British Army, "Colonel Hepburn's Scots regiment appears to have held a distinguished character for gallantry on all occasions; and no troops appear to have been found better qualified for this important enterprise than the Scots, who proved brave, hardy, patient of fatigue and privation, frugal, obedient, and sober soldiers."

Hepburn, who by this time had been knighted for his services, embarked (June 6, 1630) with the Swedish main army at Elfsknaben, where he was detained for nearly three weeks, until the wind veered round and enabled the fleet to creep across

the Baltic. On the evening of the 26th they dropped anchor off the point of Usedom, on the coast of Pomerania. The King, on stepping ashore, knelt down and prayed aloud for a blessing on his arms; and then, before his troops, took in hand a spade and began to work at the entrenchments of the first camp on German soil. During the night nearly all the troops were landed, and mustering these in regular array, Gustavus addressed them, telling them that the enemy were largely the same men whom they had beaten in Prussia; that he would share with them all their dangers and privations, and that they should share with him all luxuries, comforts, and booty. "For booty," said he, "you must not look to the land or people. The enemy hold it all in their own hands, and it is for you to take it from them." The next day he began his march, and in less than eight months overran Pomerania and Mecklenburg, capturing as many as eighty strong places in those two duchies. In March 1631, Colberg was blockaded; and one of the first important services rendered by Sir John Hepburn in this war, was in preventing its relief by the Imperialists. The garrison then surrendered. Shortly afterwards he was promoted to the command of a brigade of four chosen Scottish regiments—Mackay's Highlanders, Sir James Lumsden's musketeers, Stargate's corps, and his own, which came to be known as *Hepburn's Scots Brigade*, or *The Green Brigade*, from the colour of the doublets, scarves, plumes, and standards of its soldiers.

Into the mouth of Rittmaster Dugald Dalgetty, Scott puts the words of an old soldier's *lied*—

> "When cannons are roaring and colours are flying,
> The lads that seek honour must never fear dying;
> Then, stout cavaliers, let us toil our brave trade in,
> And fight for the Gospel and bold King of Sweden."

It was no doubt in the spirit of this admirable song, even if they chanced not to know the words, that Sir John's brigade—with carried pikes, matches lighted, half-a-dozen standards displayed, and drums and fifes beating and whistling "the old Scots March"—led the van of the great Protestant army, under the Lion of the North, on its march for Frankfort-on-the-Oder. They were thirsting to revenge six hundred of their countrymen, who had been slain at New Brandenburg by an overwhelming Imperialist force, all mercy and quarter being denied them; and there was no action, however desperate, which they were not prepared to undertake. In the storm of Frankfort they bore the chief part of the peril and won the chief part of the honour. Hepburn, as at their head he pushed through a great sallying port (the Guben gate), was hit in the knee, "which, dazzling his senses with great pain, forced him to retire, who said to me, 'bully Monro, I am shot,' whereat I was wondrous sorry." His Major was next shot dead, and the pikemen halted for a moment. Then up came the impetuous Baner, and urged them to go forward: "whereat Colonel Lumsden and I," says Monro, "being both alike at the head of our own colours, he having a partisan

in his hand, and I a half-pike, with a head-piece that covered my head, commanding our pikes to advance, we led on shoulder to shoulder," and carried the gate. The enemy fell back in great confusion, never pausing to lower the portcullis; and after them, in hot pursuit, went the Scots, entering the street at their heels, and making a stand till their body of pikes were drawn up orderly and flanked with musketeers; then they again advanced. "Quarter! quarter!" cried the Imperialists. "New Brandenburg! New Brandenburg!" was the ominous reply. With such fury did the Scots avenge their slaughtered countrymen, that a pikeman with his own hand slew eighteen of the enemy; and Lumsden's regiment captured no fewer than nine pairs of colours—so much to the liking of Gustavus Adolphus that he bade this brave Fifeshire cavalier ask whatever he wished that a king could bestow, and he should have it. Fort by fort the brigade won its way into the town, pushing forward in close column of regiments, shoulder to shoulder, with long pikes levelled in front like a moving wall of steel, and the musketeers in the rear ranks firing over their heads.

Nobody could resist these stern, inflexible Scots—not even Tilly's veterans. The Imperialist generals, with a few cuirassiers, made for the bridge across the Oder, and rode full speed to Glogau, leaving four colonels, thirty-six junior officers, and three thousand soldiers dead in the blood-red streets. So headlong was their flight that their caissons blocked up the approach to the bridge, which

was further obstructed by cannon, tumbrils, ammunition-chests, battered coats of mail, and dead bodies. Three hours were allowed by the King for plunder; but the troops got out of hand, and when the time was up, he was compelled in person to rush in among some of the companies, with his drawn sword, before he could restore discipline. Monro was greatly vexed at this scene of disorder—"In some regiments," he says, "I am confident there was not one man with the colours."

After this sharp experience, Landsberg quickly surrendered, and Gustavus then marched upon Berlin to compel the Elector of Brandenburg to join the Protestant League. In July 1631 he moved in the direction of the Elbe, striking southwards by Old Brandenburg, Barnow, and Tangermünde. Monro describes the march with much particularity. He mentions that at Barnow he found the beer remarkably good, but not so good as that of Soest,—"a good Calvinist town, which brews liquor best for the body and clearest from all filth or barm, as their religion is best for the soul," says the stout old Presbyterian, "and clearest from the dregs of superstition." At Tangermünde, Gustavus crossed the Elbe, and advanced to Werben, where "he did resolve to set down his leaguer; and spying a parcel of ground, the most commodious that could be had for situation and air, having first the commodity of transportation by water on the river of Haggle (Havel), running into the Elbe at the leaguer, he had also the whole country on the other side of

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the Elbe behind him as his friends." In his camp at Werben he was reinforced by six thousand Scots, under the Marquis of Hamilton; whom he then dispatched on service in Silesia. The arrival of this body of auxiliaries encouraged the Elector of Saxony and the Landgrave of Hesse to join Gustavus, who, on August 23, broke up his camp, and advanced towards Wittenberg, in order to throw himself upon Tilly and the Imperialists, wherever he should find them.

Crossing the Elbe at Wittenberg he marched towards Leipzig, which had just been taken by the Imperialists. "On September 6," says Gustavus, "we went in early twilight through Düben, and towards evening reached the village of Wolkau, within seven miles from Leipzig, where we rested the night. On the 7th, as soon as the sky began to turn grey, I gave the order for the trumpets to blow for the advance, and, because between us and Leipzig there was no wood, but only great flat fields, I drew out my army in full battle array and marched towards the city. The march lasted a short hour and a half, when we came in sight of the advanced guard of the enemy with his artillery on a hill, and behind it the whole mass of his army."

Thus were the two hosts brought within touch of each other on the great plain in front of Leipzig, which, about a hundred and eighty-one years later, was to be the scene of another important battle, in which Napoleon was defeated by the Allies.

The army of Gustavus was twenty-six thousand

strong; that of Tilly about forty thousand; but the Swedes were reinforced by the troops of the Elector of Saxony, who, however, if they brought numbers, brought nothing else. They had had no experience of fighting, and were wholly unfit to cope with Tilly's seasoned veterans. Gustavus took up his position close to the village of Breitenfeld, with the Saxons on his extreme left. His own left was under Field-marshal Horn. Between each division of cavalry in its first line was posted a body of two hundred musketeers; the second line was composed wholly of cavalry. A similar formation was observed on the right wing, where Gustavus commanded in person. In the centre was posted the Swedish foot; four half battalions in the first line, a cavalry regiment, and two divisions of the Scots foot under Monro and Ramsay in reserve between the lines; in the second line, three brigades of infantry, namely, the German, the Green, and Count Thurn's. There was also a final reserve of infantry behind the second line of the centre. The artillery, under Torstenson, lay a little to the left of the centre, with the exception of the light regimental pieces, which were stationed in front of each regiment.

I give these details because they illustrate the new system of tactics introduced by Gustavus; yet I fear they will mean little or nothing to the non-military intelligence. Nor would a minute description of the battle mean much more. Not even Kinglake or Napier succeeds in making the various movements of a battle obvious to the

civilian reader, unless he keeps to the broadest lines. And, therefore, about this famous victory of Breitenfeld or Leipzig I shall be content to say that it was won by Gustavus because he was a greater general than Tilly, and because his Swedes and Scots were better soldiers than the Imperialists —better disciplined, more intelligent, and therefore steadier and more resolved. At first the Imperialists were successful; their heavy cavalry smashed in upon the poor inexperienced Saxons and sent them flying from the field. But when they swept round to attack Gustavus, he swiftly withdrew the Green and German brigades from the centre, and formed a new front to the enemy, who, assailed by these splendid soldiers in the front and by the Swedish troopers in the rear, and torn and shattered by Torstenson's powerful artillery, gave way and fled. All was soon over. Leaving seven thousand dead on the field, and probably as many prisoners in Gustavus's hands, Tilly sullenly retreated, some six hundred of his veterans forming round their aged chief in an iron ring, and beating off the opposition.

It has been well said that this victory marks both an epoch in war and an epoch in history; because in it was first displayed on a large scale the superiority of disciplined intelligence over traditional routine; an epoch in history, because it broke the force on which the revival of Catholicism had relied for the extension of its empire over Europe. It gave the Gospel and freedom to Northern Germany.

Having put down these generalities about the battle, I must say something more particularly in reference to Hepburn and his brigade's share in it.

When Gustavus prepared to check the onset of Tilly's soldiers, after their defeat of the Saxons, he called, as we have seen, upon the Green Brigade, which, under Sir John Hepburn, immediately advanced, and formed on the left flank. Sir John was in full armour, with laurel on his helmet and his drawn sword in his hand, a conspicuous figure as he rode his richly-caparisoned horse, and led his fighting-men against the Imperialists, amid volleys of musketry, and the roar and rattle of calivers, falcons, and culverins. It was then, says Harte, that the Scots first practised firing in platoons, "which amazed the Imperialists to such a degree, that they hardly knew how to conduct themselves." In dense columns, with their pikes in front, and behind them three ranks of musketeers stooping and three erect, so that six volleys crashed simultaneously from the faces of their squares, and tore great gaps in the masses before them, they marched onward, until so close to the Imperialists that, as Gustavus had advised them, they could see the very colour of their eyes; then Hepburn shouted, in a voice that rose above all the din, "Forward, pikes!" The musketeers clubbed their muskets, the pikemen levelled their weapons, and, with that loud Scottish cheer which has rung out so often over victorious battle-fields, the regiments of Hepburn, Lumsden, and Lord Reay, each led by its colonel, broke through the columns of Tilly,

and drove them back pell-mell with terrible carnage.

Lord Reay's Highlanders—a thousand strong, and all of his own clan—formed the leading column, and had the honour of first charging the enemy's ranks. The Imperialists regarded them with terror, and named them "the invincible old regiment." The right wing of the brigade was under Monro; it carried the breastworks of the Walloons, captured their artillery, and turned it against the Imperialists. Great as was the slaughter, it would have been greater but for the clouds of dust which a strong west wind blew off the dry and newly-ploughed ground. "We were as in a dark cloud," says Monro, "not seeing half our actions, much less discerning either the way of our enemies or the rest of our brigades; whereupon, having a drummer by me, I caused him beat 'The Scots March'[1] till it cleared up, which re-collected our friends unto us."

For its services on this occasion the Green Brigade was called to the front and publicly thanked by Gustavus. As Monro quaintly says —"The battle was happily won, his Majesty did principally under God ascribe the glory of the victory to the Swedes and Fynnes horsemen, who were led by the valorous Field-marshal Gustavus Horn; for though the Dutch horsemen did behave themselves valorously divers times that day, yet it was not their fortune to put the enemy to flight;

[1] This old national air was first composed for the guard of James V. when attacking Tantallon in 1527.

and though there were brave brigades of Swedes and Dutch in the field, yet it was the Scots brigade's fortune to have gotten the praise for the fort service, and not without cause, having behaved themselves well, being led and conducted by an expert cavalier and fortunate, the valiant Hepburn."

A few days later when, after the investment of Leipzig and capture of Merseburg, Gustavus held a general review of his troops on the plain of Halle, the King rode up to his Scotch brigade, which was posted on the right wing, with Sir John Hepburn in command; and, dismounting, made a long address, fervently commending their gallant conduct, thanking them for their share in the victory at Leipzig, and promising never to forget the debt he owed to their valour and constancy. Hepburn, Lumsden, Monro, and the other field-officers, leaped from their horses and kissed his hand, while the drums beat and the green standards were lowered, and the soldiers cried again and again and yet again, "Long live Gustavus! We hope to do your Majesty better service yet!" (September 11.)

CHAPTER IV

SIR JOHN HEPBURN (*continued*)

THE march of Gustavus and his army, after the victory of Breitenfeld, was "a triumphal progress." On September 22nd he was at Erfurt, into which he threw a garrison of Scots; on October 3rd he reached Würzburg; and proceeded to storm its strong castle on the height beyond the Main. Traversing Franconia with fire and sword, and capturing every town of importance that lay in his line of advance, he sat down before Oppenheim and its castle in December. Oppenheim, with the castle where the Emperor Rudolph had died about twenty years previously, was situated on the Imperialist bank of the Rhine; on the other was a strong fort or sconce, erected on an eminence, and surrounded by a double ditch, which was held by about a thousand veteran soldiers. The castle, which occupied the summit of a high hill, swept with its cannon the low plains on the other side of the river, and greatly harmed Hepburn's men, whom the King had ordered to reduce the sconce.

On the afternoon of Sunday, the 14th, Hepburn with his brigade, and Colonel Winckel with the

Blue, began to entrench themselves before the enemy's works; while Gustavus on the other bank invested the town. The night was bitterly cold; and the ground thickly covered with snow. The Scots foraged about for food, and kindled huge fires behind their breastworks; near one of which Hepburn and Monro sat down to enjoy their supper, with "a stone jar of Low Country wine," while their horses stood picketed behind them. The glow of the watch-fire, reflected on their armour, drew the attention of the Spanish garrison of the castle, and presently a 32-lb. shot came swinging across the river, passed over the heads of the two captains, and crashed into Hepburn's lumbering old coach, which stood unused among the piled-up baggage. The next shot killed one of Monro's soldiers, who sat close by, refreshing himself with what proved to be his last can of flip and his last pipe of tobacco. The canonnade then became vigorous, and many a brave Scot was struck down in the course of that gloomy night. Just before midnight a gallant sortie was made by the garrison, but Hepburn's pikemen drove them back with great loss, and in the morning the commander capitulated, being allowed to march out with all the honours of war. Placing in the sconce a couple of hundred musketeers, Hepburn prepared to carry his brigade and the Blues across the river to assist the King in his attack upon the castle—a fortalice of great size and strength, held by a Spanish garrison. The passage was successfully made; but as Hepburn advanced, great was his surprise to

hear loud firing within the castle, and to see the garrison throwing themselves over the ramparts, and flying in all directions, piteously crying for quarter as they fell into the hands of Hepburn's men.

The circumstances which brought about this extraordinary result are related in Defoe's *Memoirs of a Cavalier*.[1]

The town of Oppenheim, having surrendered, was held by two hundred Scots of Sir James Ramsay's regiment, with whom some thirty officers, who had lost their men—dead, wounded, or missing—served as "Reformadoes." The cavalier tells us that these officers came to him, and declared that if he would give them permission, they would surprise the castle and carry it, sword in hand. "I told them," he says, "that I durst not give these orders, my commission being only to keep and defend the town; but they being very importunate, I told them they were volunteers, and might do what they pleased, that I would lend them fifty men, and draw up the rest to second them, or bring them off, as I saw occasion, so as I might not hazard the town." Thereupon they sallied forth, cut in pieces the guard, and burst open the gate. The Spaniards were knocked down before they knew what the matter was; the King and Sir John Hepburn, advancing to the assault, found that they had been anticipated, and that the castle was already theirs.

[1] See also Schiller, *Thirty Years' War; The Swedish Intelligencer*, pt. ii. etc.

On entering, Gustavus was received by the Reformadoes, who saluted him with their pikes. The King, lifting his hat, and turning towards them, said, with his usual frank and sunny smile—

"Scots! brave Scots! you were too quick for me."

The whole army now crossed the Rhine, and marched upon Mainz, which offered but a nominal resistance, and threw open its gates on the 12th of December—just three days after the King's thirtieth birthday. There he and his soldiers spent their Christmas-tide; not sorry to exchange head-quarters and rude rations for the luxuries of a wealthy city, and pledging each other in deep draughts of Rhenish wine.

Hepburn's brigade garrisoned Mainz until the following March; but Gustavus opened the campaign of 1632 in February by the capture of Kreutznach. On March 21st he entered Nuremburg, its Protestant citizens receiving him as their champion and deliverer. Tears of joy streamed down the bearded cheeks of the men; the women sighed and sobbed in hysterical enthusiasm; it was one of those scenes of passionate emotion which occur only when the popular heart is deeply touched. Soon the name of Gustavus was on every lip, and his picture in every house. It was pleasant no doubt to be the recipient of such homage; but the soldier-king could not stay long to enjoy it. On April 3rd he was before Donauwörth, which was carried swiftly, in no small measure through the desperate courage of Hepburn and his Scots—an

important service for which Gustavus tendered them his public thanks. On the 4th he prepared to cross the Lech and force his way into Bavaria. On the opposite side of the river lay Count Tilly in strong entrenchments, while each ford was commanded by a heavy battery. The task seemed impossible; but Gustavus was not to be denied. First he swept the enemy's positions with a tremendous fire, which almost silenced the Imperialist guns, and mowed down his serried ranks by scores and hundreds; then, concealing his movements by thick clouds of vapour from burning piles of damp wood and wet straw, he threw across from bank to bank a portable bridge of ingenious construction, and passed over it his infantry, the Green Brigade as usual leading the van. Tilly had been mortally wounded by a cannon-shot above the knee, and had retired to Ingolstadt to die. Deprived of their commander, and overwhelmed by the furiousness of the Scots-Swedish attack, the Imperialists retreated in hot haste, and left Bavaria open to the conqueror, who captured Raine, and Neuburg, and Augsburg in succession.

At Ingolstadt he met with a severe check. It was defended by a strong garrison, while the Duke of Bavaria was encamped on the other side of the Danube.

Hepburn's brigade was ordered to invest it. On Thursday evening, April 19, the King, expecting a sally, instructed him to remove to some high ground which offered a good defensive position. Here the Scots remained under arms through a

bitterly cold night, while the glint of their lighted matches enabled the garrison to harass them with a destructive fire from sunset to sunrise; so that the night seemed "the longest in the year," says Monro, "though in April; for at one shot I lost twelve men of my own company, not knowing what became of them." So hot was the service, that "he who was not that night afraid of cannon-shot might next day, without harm, have been brayed into gunpowder."

Three hundred men were killed on the ground, but the morning sun saw the Scots stubbornly maintaining their posts. Gustavus, however, was unwilling to waste more time, and raising the siege, continued his march into the interior of Bavaria. On May 7 he entered the capital, the fair and prosperous city of Munich, situated on the historic stream of "Iser, rolling rapidly." The three Scots regiments of the Green Brigade headed the advance, their drums beating the "Old Scots March," and the wild skirl of the pipes of Lord Reay's Highlanders echoing far on the morning air. To prevent plundering, he gave a gratuity of five shillings to every soldier; but discovering that Duke Maximilian had buried a large number of guns in the arsenal, he had them disinterred by the Bavarian peasants, paying them fairly for their labour. He also levied a heavy contribution on the inhabitants. The Swedish army encamped outside the city, the garrison of which was composed exclusively of Scots, under Hepburn, whom Gustavus appointed Governor.

Hepburn, who had been at Munich when a young subaltern in Sir Andrew Gray's battalion, placed guards at the gates as a matter of course, and occupied the great market-place where were held the celebrated fairs of St. James and the Three Kings of Cologne. Two Scots regiments were quartered in the splendid Electoral Palace, where they drank freely of the choicest wines, lived on the best fare, and took their ease on sumptuous couches—in agreeable contrast to the "lodging on the cold ground" which was their frequent lot. This was when they were off duty; but the duty seems to have been strict enough. "We were ordained," says Monro, "to lie in the great court of the fortress, night and day in our arms; to guard both the Kings' persons [Gustavus and Frederick of Bohemia], and to set all the guards, when I was commanded, with our whole officers, not to stir from our watch"—their meals being served up from the King's own table. The special honour thus accorded to the Scots not unnaturally provoked the jealous murmurs of the Swedes and the Dutch.

Meanwhile, Tilly had been succeeded as the Imperialist generalissimo by that extraordinary man, Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland—the hero of Schiller's famous trilogy of tragedies—whose craft as statesman and capacity as military commander are still estimated variously by historians, according to their prejudices or partialities. Having levied and equipped an army of sixty thousand men, he suddenly broke into Bohemia, crushed the

Saxon garrison at Prague (May 4), recovered several fortified towns, and in a few weeks restored the province to the Empire. He then prepared to swoop upon Saxony; but, at the earnest solicitation of the Emperor, who saw his hereditary dominions threatened by the success of Gustavus, he changed his plans, and uniting with Maximilian of Bavaria, advanced into the Upper Palatinate to confront the Swedish army. Gustavus, on hearing of his march, fixed upon Nuremberg as his centre of operations, and calling in all his scattered detachments, converted it speedily into an impregnable camp. Then, with about twenty thousand Swedes and Scots, he prepared to resist his formidable enemy.

On reconnoitring the Swedish position, Wallenstein felt its strength, and abandoning all hope of carrying it by assault, prepared to reduce it by famine. For this purpose he entrenched himself near Fürth—about five miles to the north of Nuremberg—on a range of wooded hills, the base of which was washed by the river Rednitz. Here he could command the principal roads by which Gustavus received his supplies; while with his light cavalry he harassed and cut off the Swedish foraging parties. It was not long before the success of his strategy was proved; the population of Nuremberg, which had been increased by hundreds of the fugitive peasantry, as well as the Swedish army, began to suffer from the scarcity of provisions. In the track of famine always comes pestilence; so that death was soon reaping a rich

harvest in the unhappy city. Meanwhile, Gustavus was receiving reinforcements from the banks of the Rhine, the Oder, and the Elbe; the force collected by Oxenstjerna, his great chancellor, numbering thirty-six thousand experienced soldiers, with sixty pieces of cannon, who marched into Nuremberg on August 12th. The King thereupon resolved on an immediate attack of Wallenstein's position, in the hope of raising the blockade.

It was at this conjuncture that a quarrel broke out between the King and his Scotch lieutenant. The cause of it is not easy to discover. We are told that Gustavus, after some high words had passed between them, taunted Hepburn (he was a Roman Catholic) with his religion, and also jested at his love of fine armour and rich apparel. It is further said that Hepburn was offended with Gustavus for having, not long before, preferred a younger soldier to some post of danger. But neither of these reasons seems an adequate explanation. Gustavus was not given to such light talking as is here imputed to him; nor was Hepburn so thin of skin as to be provoked by it into throwing up a high and honourable position. The real motive must have been something graver —something which touched a king's pride and a veteran soldier's self-esteem. Whatever it was it ended in a rupture, Hepburn exclaiming, "Sir, I will never more unsheath my sword in the quarrels of Sweden!"

Gustavus then gave the command of the Green

Brigade to Hepburn's friend and comrade, Lieutenant-Colonel Monro; but as it was impossible for Hepburn to quit the beleaguered city, he remained as a spectator of the last tragic scenes of the great contention.

On August 22, Gustavus opened a heavy cannonade against the Imperialist lines, in the hope of bringing on a general engagement. Maximilian of Bavaria was eager to accept the challenge; but Wallenstein held firmly to his strong position. Gustavus then crossed the Rednitz, and drew up his army on the left flank of the enemy; on the morning of the 24th, under a tremendous storm of cannon-shots, throwing forward a division against the heights of the Alte Veste and the Altenburg, the latter of which was crowned by a ruined castle. Hepburn, though holding no command, could not absent himself from such a scene. Arrayed in his costly suit of inlaid armour, a close casque with gorget, breast and back pieces, "pauldrons, vambraces, and gauntlets," with pistols in his holsters, he mounted his charger, and rode near the King.

From a military writer I borrow the following description, though with some fear that it bears marks of exaggeration—

"Posted on the steep and rocky heights of the Alte Veste, and that crowned by the ruined Altenburg, with the Bibert and the Rednitz flowing at their base, the whole entrenched and palisaded position of the Imperialists shone with long lines of polished helmets, that glinted above the green

breastworks and hastily-constructed barricades. Tall pikes and polished arquebuses glittered incessantly in the sunshine, and the brass muzzles of eighty pieces of cannon peered forth from under the shade of rock, bush, and tree. Here and there, in the foreground, a circle of crows or ravens wheeling above the long grass, marked where lay a dead horse or unburied soldier, shot in some recent skirmish.

"As the dense battalions of the Swedes approached, a tremendous cannonade began. The musketeers and arquebusiers volleyed from flank to flank, and the roar seemed as if it would rend heaven; while the whole hills, from the river at their base to the ruins on the Altenburg, were sheeted with fire and enveloped in snow-white smoke.

"Hepburn still continued to look on as a mere spectator amid that terrible cannonade, which was ploughing the earth under his horse's feet, and mowing down the columns like grass around him, even when a part of his old brigade advanced to storm the ruined fortress, the highest point of those hills from the summit of which Wallenstein, calmly and securely, from his artillery shrouded in smoke, poured fire and death upon the plain below."

The attack was made with great vigour by two thousand chosen musketeers, mostly Scots, as an old Nuremberg writer of the period informs us, who, having their colours at the base of the heights, advanced, supported by a column of pikes, in the face of the enemy's eighty pieces of ordnance,

charging up-hill with desperate valour. But it was useless, the immense strength of the works defied their efforts, and though the assault was five times repeated, the Imperialists remained unshaken.

As Harte says, quaintly—"The King, though ever fixed in one place, formed the disposition of each attack and dispatched his orders accordingly, and the whole combined operations proceeded only upon one principle, which was to possess the summit of the mountain—a task rendered difficult by nature, and more so by the intervention of art and the obstinate resistance of the Imperial troops; for Wallenstein's army was a piece of machinery, which he forced to act almost as he pleased. On the contrary, Gustavus's men loved and adored him on a principle of honour, and sought death out of free choice and pure magnanimity. Yet the height of the mountain was unattainable, though not a single Swede behaved amiss." The reader may form some idea of its strength from the following circumstance: word was brought Wallenstein by an aide-de-camp that the King had mounted the hill, to which he answered hastily, with a mixture of profaneness and surprise—"That he could not believe there was a Supreme Being in heaven if that castle could possibly be taken from him."

Gustavus in this unavailing struggle lost about two thousand killed and wounded. Among the former were many gallant Scotch adventurers —Captain Patrick Jones, Lieutenant-Colonel

Maclean, Captain Traill, and Hector Monro of Katvall, and others. An old friend, Colonel Monro, was sorely wounded in the left side by the "clicket" of his rapier, which a bullet drove against his coat-of-mail, battering it flat.

The night was cold and foggy, and great was the suffering of the wounded as they lay on the blood-red field. Some were half immersed in the waters of the Rednitz; others lay crushed under fallen stockades and breastworks; others were almost stifled by the weight of dead bodies of men and horses. At the first coming of dawn Gustavus felt a deep anxiety for the safety of Sinclair and Monro's Scotchmen, who were posted far in advance among the rocks, immediately under the ruins of the Altenburg. "Is any officer of the field at hand?" he asked of one of his attendants. "No one but the Colonel Hepburn," was the reply; and our hero, who had remained near the King, and slept in his armour by the side of his charger, rode up instantly.

"Sir John," said Gustavus, "I entreat you to look in upon our poor soldiers in the Altenburg, and discern if there be any place where cannon may be brought to bear against the old castle."

Hepburn dashed off to the Scotch position, and after reconnoitring, returned in safety to Gustavus. "I found, sir," he reported, "the Scottish musketeers almost buried in mud and water; but I have discovered a piece of ground from which, if the earth were raised a little, four pieces of battering

artillery might be directed against the Altenburg, at a distance of only forty paces."

"I had rather," replied the King, with some emotion, "that you had found me a place at ten times that distance, for I cannot bear the thought of seeing my brave soldiers torn to pieces a second time."

Gustavus soon afterwards gave orders for a general retreat—previously going in person to draw off the Scots on the Altenburg, and seeing that Monro was so severely wounded as to be scarcely able to walk, he took that officer's half-pike, and desiring him to retire as fast as he could, closed up the last file, marching on foot like the merest subaltern.

Unable to maintain his position at Nuremberg, Gustavus, leaving there a garrison of four thousand men, broke up his camp on September 8, and marched towards Neustadt. With bold defiance he marched along the whole line of the enemy's works, with drums beating and colours flying; but Wallenstein refused to be drawn into a general action.

At Neustadt, Hepburn took leave of the King, and in company with the Marquis of Hamilton, Sir James Hamilton, and Sir James Ramsay, set out on his journey to England by the way of France; while his old comrades of the Green Brigade marched upon Rain, and thereafter stormed Kaufbeuren and besieged Kempten, and once more vindicated the renown of Scottish arms on the fiercely contested field of Nordlingen (August

26, 1634), when, in the glory of victory, Monro's regiment closed its career.

Late in the autumn of 1632, Hepburn and his companions arrived in London, where both Sir John and the Marquis of Hamilton were cordially received by Charles I. It is sometimes asserted that Hepburn was knighted by King Charles; but the evidence is convincing that he owed his spurs to Gustavus Adolphus. He remained in London for some months; and then, wearying of inaction, the restless adventurer crossed over to France, and offered his services to Louis XIII., who at once appointed him Colonel of a regiment formed of the old Scottish companies so long held in high esteem by the French sovereigns. His commission as Colonel was dated January 26, 1633. He was soon afterwards gratified with the rank of Marichal-de-Camp, which was second only to that of Lieutenant-General, and entitled its holder to command the left wing in all engagements with the enemy. While in Paris he was admitted to the friendship of Cardinal Richelieu, who frequently consulted him on military subjects, and in his correspondence invariably alluded to him in terms of respect and admiration.

The regiment of which he was Colonel was about six thousand two hundred strong, and numbered in its ranks representatives of such historic names as Murray, Seaton, Erskine, Forbes, Home, and Leslie. One of his pikemen was a John Middleton, who greatly distinguished himself by

his ability and courage. In future years he rose to be Earl of Middleton, Lieutenant-General of Scottish cavalry, and Governor of Edinburgh Castle. He was entrusted with the command of the English and Scotch regiments at Tangier, and died in 1673. Over his cups he would often boast that he had carried a pike under the famous captain, Sir John Hepburn, in Alsace and Lorraine.

In the spring of 1634, Hepburn's regiment formed part of the army which, under the Marichal de la Force, invaded the province of Lorraine, which Richelieu desired to wrest from the Empire. The direction of the siege was entrusted to the Scottish captain, together with the Marquis de Toneins and the Vicomte de Turenne—afterwards so distinguished as a military commander. Between these two young warriors a keen rivalry arose; each endeavoured to excel the other in feats of arms. Turenne was the more successful, and carried the bastion which the Marquis on the previous day had vainly attempted. Having thus gained a *point d'appui*, Hepburn pushed the siege with such vigour that on July 21 the place surrendered. It is only fair to say that from the histories of the time it would seem that the besieged, though defeated in the struggle, shared an equal bravery with the besiegers.

After the fall of La Mothe, Hepburn received orders to rejoin and co-operate with the Marichal de la Force, who, with 25,000 infantry and 5000 cavalry, was on his march towards the German frontier. At the head of seven regiments of pike-

men and musketeers, seven squadrons of horse, and a train of artillery, he crossed the Rhine, on December 19, near Mannheim, and took up a position which enabled the Marichal de la Force to pass over the main army unopposed. Then our gallant knight pushed on to the relief of Heidelberg, which from its rocky heights looks down upon the blue waters of the Neckar; and took possession of it on the 23rd, compelling the Imperialist forces to effect a rapid retreat, though not without several hard-fought actions. It would appear to have been at this time that Hepburn, in answer to some intrusive advice from Cardinal Richelieu's favourite captain, Father Joseph, let fall the pointed remark which passed into a soldier's proverb—"Go not so fast, Père Joseph, for, believe me, towns are not taken with a finger-end."

At Landau, early in the new year (1635), the Marichal effected a junction with the Scotch and Swedish veterans under that fine soldier, Duke Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, who, among the military leaders of the Thirty Years' War, holds a foremost place. His force was made up chiefly of the seasoned old soldiers who had served in the Scottish brigades of Gustavus Adolphus; and among them were the survivors of Hepburn's Green Brigade. They welcomed their former commander with martial enthusiasm, their drums beating the Scots March as he approached, while a shout of joy rang along their ranks, and the last piper of Mackay's Highlanders skirled loud and long a wonderful strain. As all desired to take service

under him in France, they were formed into one corps, which the French designated Le Régiment d'Hebron.[1] This corps was 8316 strong, including the Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel Munro, and Major Sir Patrick Monteith, 45 captains, 1 captain-lieutenant, 45 lieutenants, 48 ensigns, 4 surgeons, 6 adjutants, 2 chaplains, 1 drum-major, 1 piper, 88 sergeants, 288 corporals, 288 lance-pesades, 96 drummers, and 48 companies, each consisting of 150 musketeers and pikemen. Thus Hepburn's regiment was numerically equal to the force with which Wellington won his earlier victories.

In 1635 the direction of the French army passed into the hands of Cardinal de La Valette—a true priest of the Church Militant, but by no means a capable commander—who at Frische was saved from defeat only by a bold and skilful movement of Hepburn against the flank of the Imperialist army. Retreat, however, was unavoidable, and the French army recrossed the Rhine at Bingen, hotly pursued by the enemy, who were kept at bay only by the steadfast courage of Hepburn's Scots. "They fought for eight days consecutively almost without intermission, leaving the roads by which they fell back redder with their enemies' blood than with their own." The result of the campaign was that the Imperialists recovered Lorraine, which Richelieu had made such great efforts to conquer, and threatened France with invasion.

[1] Père Daniel says—"On l'appelloit en France 'le Chevalier d'Hebron,' son nom d'Hepburne étant difficile à prononcer."

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In the spring of 1636 Hepburn and his soldiers continued to serve under the Duke of Weimar in Lorraine, and Hepburn rendered such eminent services by his courage and conduct that Louis XIII. created him a Marshal of France. Through the immense energy of Richelieu the French army had been greatly reinforced, and under La Valette effected a junction with Duke Bernhard, who then laid siege to the strongly-fortified town of Saverne. This was in the merry month of May. As the garrison expected to be relieved by the Imperialists under Count Gallas, it offered a steadfast resistance, and harassed the operations of the besiegers with infinite activity. The heavy guns of the latter succeeded, however, in breaking the town-wall; and on June 9 a general assault was attempted. There was no want of daring on the part of the attacking regiments, who were led by Hepburn and Turenne; but the besieged fought with a desperation which completely foiled them. Not less disastrous was a second, and even a third effort. The besiegers then renewed the fire of their batteries with increased vigour, and made every preparation for a final and successful one. It was then that Hepburn, in his eagerness to examine the extent of the principal breach, approached too near, and got within the range of the guns of the Imperialists. A musket-ball struck him in the neck and passed into the body, inflicting a mortal wound. His soldiers carried him into shelter, the surgeons examined the wound; but nothing could be done—he was already dying. His last words, it is said,

were a lamentation that he should lay his bones so far from the green kirkyard where mouldered those of his ancestors.

Thus, on July 21, 1636, our gallant Scot ended his stirring career. He was then in his thirty-sixth or thirty-eighth year, according as he was born in 1598 or 1600—a point on which authorities differ.

When the sad news reached the great French minister, he wrote to La Valette as follows—

"I cannot express to you my profound regret at the death of poor Colonel Hepburn, not only because of the high esteem in which I held his character, but on account of the affection and zeal he always showed in his Majesty's service. His loss has moved me in so sensible and lively a manner that it is impossible for me to receive any comfort. I do not question what you say in your letter that it has affected you very particularly, for, to tell the truth, he was a gentleman very necessary to us at this juncture. I have paid to his memory all the respect in my power to express my sense of his value, ordering prayers to be made to God for him, and assisting his nephew (George Hepburn of Athelstaneford) as if he were my own son."

Hepburn was buried, with great solemnity, in the cathedral of Toul.

He was undoubtedly one of the very ablest of those gallant Scottish gentlemen who served in the European wars of their time with so much distinction; not very scrupulous as to the cause for which they fought, but honourably faithful to their

employer as long as they continued in his service. For their restless courage and adventurous temper there was then no other outlet. No India offered them those opportunities of gaining fame and fortune which it was to provide for their descendants, nor was there then any British army in which they could employ their brilliant courage and patient fortitude in the service of the empire of which their country formed no inconspicuous part. Upon these "soldiers of fortune," therefore, I do not feel disposed to pass any severe censure; and least of all upon one who was among the noblest of them—whom both Gustavus Adolphus and Richelieu loved and trusted—whose bravery, military skill, humanity, and fine qualities of character commanded the admiring testimony of his contemporaries.

CHAPTER V

AN OLD CAVALIER (SIR JAMES TURNER)

HE was not seventeen years old—this man of many adventures—when he obtained his degree of Master of Arts at Glasgow; in obedience, as he tells us, to his father, and not from any desire of his own. For it was never his intention to make use of a title which he, like many others, had never deserved. Our Cavalier—afterwards so widely known as Sir James Turner—then spent a year with his father at Dalkeith, studying humane letters and history, and the points of controversy between the Roman and Protestant Churches. To a young man of Turner's energetic temper such a course of life soon became intolerable; and flinging aside Bellarmine and Liguori, he buckled on his sword and set out for the wars. He hoped to become, if not an actor in, at least a spectator of, the memorable contention which was then pending between Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, the Lion of the North, and the Catholic princes of the Empire, and secured a pair of colours in a Scotch regiment levied by Sir James Lumsden for service under the Swedish King's flag. Gustavus, how-

ever, fell on Lützen's hard-fought field before Lumsden and his Scots arrived in Germany; and in February 1633, Turner found himself under the command of Duke George of Brunswick, serving in the trenches before the strong town of Hammelln. Late in the following June, an Imperialist army, twenty thousand strong, advanced to its relief.

"We broke up," says Turner, "and met them four English miles from thence, and fought them. This was a battle wherein so much blood was shed, as was enough to flesh such novices as I was. We gained the victory, which was a great one to be gained with so little loss on our side. Near nine thousand of the Imperialists were killed in the place, three thousand taken, with eighteen cannon, and above eighty standards and colours." Hammelln afterwards capitulated. During the remainder of the campaign Turner saw much fighting —of which those who had a stomach for it could easily get large measure in Turner's stirring days! —but suffered not a little from want of provisions and clothes, lying out in the fields with no, or scanty, shelter, marching a-foot, and drinking nothing stronger than water—this last being a privation which Turner and his comrades greatly took to heart. But he soon learned to love a soldier's life; and grew so tough and strong with his hard knocking about, that the hardships of the camp and the bivouac ceased to trouble him. He came to feel as if he could always be content with a crust of bread and a bundle of straw—so true

it is that *Habitus est altera natura.* [Note that Sir James occasionally flourishes a Latin quotation to remind you that he was an M.A. of Glasgow University.]

Turner rapidly grew experienced in the ways and methods of a soldier of fortune. He picked up enough German to understand and be understood. He acquired the fashions and manners, such as they were, of the German officers; and soon became an expert in the science of living without regular pay, so that during the remainder of his foreign service he wanted little that daring or ingenuity, force or stratagem, could furnish him with. In the later months of 1634 he was temporarily recalled to Scotland by his father's death and the family arrangements necessary thereupon; and owing to the severity of the winter, was unable to return to the field of war until the spring, when he proceeded to Hamburg to join a projected expedition to Persia. But the expedition never came off; and Turner, who had gone on to Osnaburg, was shut up within its walls by the unwelcome appearance of an Imperialist army, and had to endure the privations of a siege until the city was relieved in the summer of 1636 by the Protestant forces.

There seem to have been occasions when even a soldier of fortune was moved by the horrors of war. In quite pathetic terms does Turner describe the cruelties of the Imperialist General, Bigod, who, in 1637, burned three fair towns, Eschvegen, Ollendorp, and Vitsenshausen, before the eyes of

the Protestant leaders. "A mournful sight it was," he says, "to see the whole people follow us, and climb the two high rocks which flanked us. Old and young left their houses, by the loss of them and their goods to save their lives. Aged men and women, many above fourscore, most lame or blind, supported by their sons, daughters, and grandchildren, who themselves carried their little ones on their backs, were a ruthful object of pity to any tender-hearted Christian [like James Turner, I suppose!], and did show us with what dreadful countenance that bloody monster of war can appear in the world." Turner, however, did nothing to avoid the face of that "bloody monster," but kept to his trade of fighting, and rose through the successive stages of ensign, lieutenant, captain-lieutenant, captain.

The Swedish Government owing him a sum of four hundred dollars in arrears of pay, he repaired to Sweden in 1639 in the hope of getting it. "Stockholm," he says, "is the capital city of that kingdom. There I saw one of the fairest castles, and of the greatest reception, of any I ever looked on, all covered with copper, of which metal that kingdom abounds. It stands on a pretty ascending hill from the sea; and under it, for most part, rides the navy royal, composed of great and tall ships, carrying some fifty, some sixty, some seventy, and some eighty brass guns. The Queen [Christina] was then about fourteen years old, applying herself much to learn foreign languages, and to the study of those sciences, which by the

strength of her great natural endowments she soon acquired, which has made her so famous all the world over."

Turner lost most of his four hundred dollars, receiving only a small gratuity which kept him above water, until he was attracted towards his native land by the rude echoes of the war which had broken out between Charles I. and the Puritan party. He confesses, frankly enough, that, in Germany, he had "swallowed without chewing," a maxim of military morals which he admits to be a very dangerous one; namely, that if a soldier served his master faithfully, it mattered not who that master was; and circumstances preventing him from going to England and offering his sword to the King, as he had first intended, he made up his mind to cross into Scotland and take up the cause of the Covenant. His skipper landed him at Cove, on the Aberdeenshire coast. Thence he rode post to Edinburgh, where he learned that General Leslie had marched across the Border, and putting Lord Conway and a loyalist force to defeat at Newburn, had made himself master of Newcastle and of the whole bishopric of Durham.

"I found," says Turner, "this success had elevated the minds of my countrymen in general to such a height of vanity, that most of them thought, and many said, they should quickly make a full conquest of England; but," he soberly adds, "time hath shown them since that they made their reckoning without their host, for the very contrary fell out."

Our captain followed Leslie to Newcastle, and, through the influence of the Earl of Rothes, was appointed major of Lord Kirkcudbright's regiment. In this capacity he served for two months in the Scots army, though he had not taken the Covenant; not that he would have refused, he says with his usual candour, to have sworn to it and signed it, and have observed it too, but that nobody asked him; all supposing, naturally enough, that an officer in the Covenanting army would be a True Blue! At the end of the year the army returned to Scotland, and our doughty Cavalier was condemned to several months of inaction. In 1641 he was appointed major in Lord Sinclair's regiment, included in the army of ten thousand Scots who had been hired by the English Parliament to assist in putting down the great Irish Revolt. They landed at Carrickfergus, and leaving a garrison there, marched inland with fire and sword, inflicting on the Irish Papists a bloody retaliation for their massacre of the Protestants. At Newry the rebel soldiery capitulated; but, next day, with many merchants and traders of the town, were conveyed to the bridge and put to death in cold blood, some by shooting, some by hanging, and some by drowning, the innocent suffering with the guilty. "Our soldiers," says Turner, "seeing such pranks played by authority at the bridge, thought they might do as much anywhere else; and so ran upon a hundred and fifty women, or thereby, who had got together in a place below the bridge, whom they resolved to massacre by

killing and drowning, which villany the sea seemed to favour, it being then flood. Seeing afar off what a game these godless rogues intended to play, I got a-horseback and galloped to them with my pistol in my hand; but before I got at them, they had dispatched about a dozen; the rest I saved."

In this Irish campaign Turner had many rough experiences. On one occasion he was sent to Carrickfergus to fetch up some reinforcements from Scotland. Marching through the dense woods and wild hills of Morne, they killed and captured several rebels. On the route they suffered one of the stormiest and most tempestuous nights that the oldest among them had ever known. "All the tents were in a trice blown over. It was not possible for any match to keep fire, or any soldier to handle his musket, or yet to stand; yea, several of them died that night of mere cold. So that if the rebels," says Turner, "whereof there were five hundred not far from us, had offered to beat up our quarters with such weapons as they had, which were half-pikes, swords, and daggers, they would undoubtedly have had a cheap market of us. Our soldiers, and some of our officers too (who suppose that nothing that is more than ordinary can be the product of nature), attributed this hurricane to the devilish skill of some Irish witches; and if that was true," says the shrewd old Cavalier, "then I am sure their master gave us good proof that he was really prince of the air."

He tells us also of the sufferings of himself and his men from want of provisions, and of the irregularity with which they were paid; of their guerilla-like war with the rebels, and their long and wearisome marches; all of which he seems to have undergone with the nonchalance of a good soldier, though as modesty is by no means a marked feature of his character, we must necessarily accept his statements with judicious reserve. Early in 1644 he was back in Scotland; and finding that the Earl of Leven (the elder Leslie) had marched into England with twenty thousand foot and two thousand horse, to the assistance of Parliament, he hastened to follow him. I suspect his reception was not to his liking; for he soon rode back to Scotland; and after a fresh study of the Solemn League and Covenant, came to the sudden conclusion that it was a treacherous and disloyal combination, and concerted with some other swashbucklers to join the Marquis of Montrose, who held the King's commission. They kept their intention secret, however, until they had persuaded the Executive to pay up their arrears, and furnish them with equipment for every private soldier in their commands. They then sent messengers to Montrose, inviting him to join them at Stirling, where he would find town, castle, and troops at his disposal. But Montrose would not advance so far with his small force into a hostile neighbourhood; and the opportunity was lost.

Finding himself suspected by the Committee of Estates, Turner made a virtue of necessity, and to

regain their good opinion, solemnly swore to the Covenant. He gives us to understand, however, that all the time he was only playing a part. Moralizing as is his wont, when doing something immoral, he describes this act of treachery as "a thing (though too much practised in a corrupt world) yet in itself dishonest, sinful, and disavowable; for it is certain that no evil should be done that good may come of it." Surely James Turner missed his vocation, and the pulpit would have suited him better than the saddle! Or he should have been a village dominie, and have written nice little commonplaces as texts for his scholars to copy. Unfortunately his moral sense never made itself felt until after the event. He continued to serve under the Earl of Leven; and at the storm of Newcastle, in 1644, led the first two companies which fought their way into the town. He was present at the siege of Newark in the summer of 1646, when King Charles surrendered himself to the Scots, who, after they had captured Newark, returned with him to Newcastle. "At Sherburne," says Turner, "I spoke with him, and his Majesty having got some good character of me, bade me tell him the sense of our army concerning him. I did so, and withal assured him he was a prisoner, and therefore prayed him to think of his escape, offering him all the service I could do him." This was the only time he had conversation with the King, who, as we know, saw no necessity to act upon his advice, and did not put Turner's loyalty to the test.

Turner has a bout with a stranger.

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During the following winter Turner was married to Mary White, a beautiful young Irish girl, whose acquaintance he had made in Ireland. So strong was her affection and so profound was her confidence in our bold Cavalier, that she gave up her parents, her friends, her country, and all that was dear to her, to become his wife. A charming little story might, I think, be founded on this incident, which casts as it were a bright gleam of romance on the sombre background of strife and death. It may well be doubted whether he was really worthy of so much devotion. He admits that on her arrival she found him "but in a bad condition." Having drunk too freely with a great personage, he was riding home, somewhat distempered, when he fell in with a Colonel Wren, against whom he had some cause of quarrel. As the Colonel was on foot, Turner sprang from his horse that both might be on an equality, and forced him to draw his sword, which was "two great handfuls" longer than his own. Truly a monstrous sword! "Perceiving this," says Turner, "I gripped his sword with my left hand and thrust at him with my right; but he, stepping back, avoided it, and drew his sword away, which left so deep a wound between my thumb and foremost finger that I had almost lost the use of both." Some passers-by interfered, and made the combatants put up their swords; and Turner could never again meet with his adversary to be revenged on him, though he sought him far and near. Now comes in the inevitable bit of moralizing! "This was an effect," he says, "of drinking, which, I con-

fess, besides the sin against God, hath brought me in many inconveniences. This was the first time ever my blood was drawn, though I have hazarded it and my life very often, not only in battles, skirmishes, *rencontres*, sieges, sallies, and other public duties of service, but also in several private duels."

After a vain attempt to obtain employment in Ireland, Turner visited Lieutenant-General Leslie's quarters at Dunblane, and was "easily persuaded" to accept the post of Adjutant-General in the Covenanters' army, though it was employed in the putting down that cause of the monarchy with which he professes to have been in sympathy. He took an active part in all the cruel work that was done in the Western Highlands and the Hebrides —smoking fugitives out of the caves to which they had retreated, slaying in cold blood prisoners who had surrendered on a promise that their lives should be spared. But in 1648, when a considerable faction in the Scots Parliament resolved on raising forces to march into England and effect the King's release, his inclination coincided with his duty; and it was with alacrity he obeyed orders to advance upon Glasgow, which showed a disposition to oppose the new policy. He tells us that he easily enforced submission upon the Glasgow citizens. The quartering of a few troopers and musketeers proved argument strong enough, in two or three nights' time, to convert the most obstinate burgher from the cause of the Kirk to that of the Parliament. He then placed before the citizens a short paper, promising that those who signed it

should be released from the presence of the soldiers. It was a submission to all orders of the Parliament agreeable to the Covenant; and "Turner's Covenant," as it was thereafter called, received without delay a crowd of signatures. He was then sent into Renfrewshire, where he met with the same success; and afterwards joined the main body of the army, which, under the Duke of Hamilton, crossed the Border to co-operate with Sir Marmaduke Langdale, who was still maintaining the King's cause in the north of England.

Turner relates with much gusto an accident that befell him while he and his brigade were quartered near Appleby. He was lodged in the house of a loyal Cavalier who, at the time, was fighting under Sir Marmaduke, while his wife, through illness, kept her chamber. What happened shall be told as nearly as possible in Turner's own language.

The first night he slept well enough; but on rising next morning, missed a linen stocking, a half-silk one, and a boot-hose, the accoutrement under a boot for one leg; neither could they be found on the most careful search. Being provided with more of the same kind, he dressed and rode to head-quarters. On his return—no news of his stockings. Next morning he found himself used, or rather misused, in the same manner; missing the three stockings for one leg, the other three being left entire as they were the day before. A close search led to no result. As he had got in reserve a pair of "whole stockings" and a pair of boot-hose larger than the former, he put them on;

but on the third morning, lo and behold! again only the stockings of one leg were left to him. He and his servants then concluded that some rats were the nocturnal thieves who showed such a partiality for a Cavalier's hose; and the room being carefully examined, the top of his great boot-hose was found in a hole into which the rats had dragged the rest of their booty. The boards were taken up in the presence of a servant of the house, sent for the purpose by his mistress. On the first plank being partly raised, Turner's boy thrust in his hand, and brought out four-and-twenty pieces of gold and one angel, which the servant immediately claimed for his mistress. Thereupon Turner repaired to her chamber and told her that as Lambert, the Puritan General, had formerly been quartered in the house, the gold had probably been hidden by one of his domestics, and was therefore Turner's lawfully, by right of war; but if she could show it belonged to her he would immediately give it up. The poor gentlewoman replied, with many tears, that her husband being none of the frugallest of men, she had, unknown to him, concealed the money as a reserve when she might have special occasion; and conjured him, as he loved the King, for whom her husband and she had suffered much, not to deprive her of it. She added that the exact quantity she had put there was four-and-twenty whole pieces and two angels; and that she had placed them in a red velvet purse. On further search being made, the other angel was found, and also the purse—gnawed to bits, as the stockings

were; and the gentlewoman's story being thus confirmed, the money was restored to her.

Turner's comments on this episode are too characteristic to be passed over.

"I have often heard," he says, "that the eating or gnawing of clothes by rats is ominous, and portends some mischance to fall on these to whom the clothes belong. I thank God I never was addicted to such divinations, or heeded them. It is true that more misfortunes than one fell on me shortly after; but I am sure I could have better foreseen them myself than rats or any such vermin; and yet did it not. I have heard, indeed, many fine stories told of rats; how they abandon houses and ships, when the first are to be burnt and the second drowned. Naturalists say they are very sagacious creatures, and I believe they are so; but I shall never be of the opinion they can foresee future contingencies, which I suppose the devil himself can neither foreknow nor foretell; these being things which the Almighty hath kept hidden in the bosom of His Divine prescience. And whether the great God hath pre-ordained or predestinated these things, which to us are contingent, to fall out by an uncontrollable and unavoidable necessity, is a question not yet decided." And our Cavalier wisely made no attempt to decide it.

Turner was present at Preston field, where the Scots felt the heavy hand of Cromwell. Having joined the Puritan army, under General Lambert, among the Yorkshire hills, he had then moved upon

Preston, and finding the Royalists, under the incompetent authority of the Duke of Hamilton, loosely scattered over a wide extent of country, he fell upon their vanguard, led by Sir Marmaduke Langdale, on Wednesday night, August 16th, and dispersed it to the winds. Next day he attacked their main body. The English regiments fought well, though ill supported by their Scotch allies, owing to divisions of counsel among the commanders; but after a three hours' struggle, they were driven across the Ribble in great disorder, with the loss of a thousand slain and five thousand taken prisoners.

During the night, the Duke of Hamilton, with his Scots, retreated upon Wigan, pursued by Cromwell, "killing and taking divers all the way." Within three miles of Wigan, the Scots made a stand, until the main body of the Parliament army coming up, they fell back upon the town, and there spent the night of the 18th. The following day they resumed their retreat, until at Winwick, three miles from Warrington, they made a last desperate effort to check Cromwell's furious pursuit. But it was in vain; and after sustaining heavy loss, the infantry surrendered, and the great Puritan soldier pushed forward into Scotland, leaving Lambert to follow up the cavalry as far as Uttoxeter, where they too were forced to capitulate. It was agreed that the officers and privates should be held prisoners of war, but civilly used, until they could secure their liberty by exchange or ransom; that they should keep the clothes they wore and

all the money they had about them—the rest of the baggage, with the arms and horses, going as "booty and prize" to the victor.

Turner, who was one of the prisoners, was removed to Hull, where he was kindly treated by the Governor, Colonel Overton, being allowed the use of paper, pens, ink, and books; to attend the services of his church; to take exercise on the town walls; and even to receive visits from some "honest Royalists." His captivity lasted for about fourteen months, when he was released by order of Fairfax, on giving his parole to go beyond the seas, and not return for a twelvemonth to any one of the three kingdoms. With a joyful heart—for inaction was a torture to a man of Turner's temperament—he embarked, early in November 1649, on board of a ship which landed him safely at the "rich and flourishing" town of Hamburg.

CHAPTER VI

AN OLD CAVALIER (SIR JAMES TURNER) (*continued*)

TURNER was too restless to keep his parole to the letter. He visited the principal Dutch towns—voyaged to Copenhagen—and finding no employment, listened to a proposal from Lord Carnegie that he should accompany him back to Scotland. His parole had two months to run; but disregarding the obligation of honour, he accepted Lord Carnegie's offer, and the two were landed on the Scottish coast "the very night before Cromwell beat the Scottish army at Dunbar." When the news of that great victory reached him, Turner stole off to Fife, where his wife joined him, and they spent the winter at Desart.

The soldier of fortune in those days seems to have been insensible to all the higher impulses, whether of loyalty to a person, fidelity to a cause, or patriotic devotion to a country. He killed for lucre or the mere love of fighting, and fought indifferently under any standard. His sole virtue—though even this was sometimes wanting—was faithfulness to his employer so long as he received

his wages. There was no elevated aim or purpose in his life; his trade was bloodshed; and he carried it on in a most mercenary spirit. Thus one need not be surprised that Turner speedily professed his Presbyterian and Royalist sympathies, and made his peace with the Kirk by unsaying all that he had said, and repenting for all he had done. As an experienced officer he was gladly welcomed, and was at once appointed Adjutant-General of the army that was being raised to restore Charles II. and establish the supremacy of the Kirk. In this capacity he served during the disastrous campaign which ended in the total defeat of the Royal army at Worcester, September 2, 1651, and in this last battle was taken prisoner.

As he had broken his parole, it is likely he would have had but short shrift; and at Oxford, where the prisoners halted on their way to London, he contrived to effect his escape. With the help of his host, whom he describes as "a barger, a barber, and a shoemaker," he got out on the roof of the house where he was billeted, made his way into an empty house next door, and slipped past all the guards, both horse and foot, not without "obstructions" and some "merry passages," which, he observes, were not so pleasant at the time as was afterwards the recollection of them. For two days and nights he lay in the garret of a new house, which was both doorless and windowless. As soon as the search was over, and the other prisoners, with their escort, were well advanced towards London, he crept out of his hiding-place,

and disguised in mean attire, took the same direction, in company with half-a-dozen watermen, who had all served in the Royal army, under Charles I.

"The first day," he writes, "I walked afoot to Morley, which was twenty miles from Oxford, but my feet were so spoiled with the clouted shoes which I wore, and myself so weary, that my companions were forced to carry me almost the last two miles. Lusty, strong, and loyal fellows they were, but extremely debauched. They missed not an alehouse in the way, and my paying for all the ale and beer they drank (for I thank God they would drink no wine) did not at all trouble me; but it was a vexation to me to drink cup for cup with them, else they should have had no good opinion of me, and to them I was necessitated to reveal myself, my honest barger going before us all the way on horseback, and so serving us for a scout. At Morley I hired an old carcase of a horse from a knavish old fellow, who made himself exceeding merry with me, jeering me very broadly; and indeed I was in so woeful a plight that I was ridiculous enough, neither could any man have conceived that ever I had been an officer in any army of the world. On horseback I came to Brentford, thirteen miles from Morley, and seven from London, and rode through at least two hundred red-coats that had convoyed my countrymen to Titlefield, but was well seconded in passing them by my trusty comrades, the watermen. At Brentford I took oars, and in the night-time landed at Westminster Stairs, which I had never seen;

for I came in an evil hour to London, where I had never been before. I was lodged that night with an honest Welshman, to whom my barger revealed what I was, that he might make me known to some of the royal party, for I had no acquaintances in that great city."

In a short time three influential Royalists came to his assistance, and he lay in strict seclusion in Westminster, until an opportunity offered for him to get to Dover, and thence to cross to Calais. As soon as possible he went on to Paris, where he was graciously received by the young King, Charles II. Soon afterwards, Lieutenant-General Middleton, who had escaped from the Tower, also arrived; and quite a little court gathered round his saturnine Majesty. Turner retired to a private house in the Faubourg St. Antoine, to study French, some knowledge of which our keen-witted Scot had acquired, with no other help than that of a Grammar and Dictionary, during his period of compulsory leisure at Hull.

Solitary studies, however, were never at any time to Turner's taste. The old war-horse scented the smell of battle afar, and eagerly responded to an invitation from Lieutenant-General Middleton, who had been appointed Captain-General of all the King's forces in the kingdom of Scotland. These forces were non-existent, but Middleton was bound for Holland and Germany to levy contributions from loyal Scots for obtaining arms and ammunition, with which to equip the volunteers he hoped to rally to the King's standard. On

this service Turner was also dispatched; and sufficient funds being raised, the adventurous Cavaliers landed at various points on the coast of Fife in the spring of 1654. Their expedition, however, came very speedily to a disastrous end. Scotland was firmly ruled by Cromwell's lieutenants, and showed no inclination to hazard another insurrection. Turner's experiences were of a painful and pitiful kind. A soldier of fortune's life had its dark as well as its bright side; and of this dark side he now saw more than he cared for; so that he made haste to throw up the losing game, and recross the inauspicious sea to Ostend.

At Aix-la-Chapelle he had an audience of the King; but his past career had not been of a kind to entitle him to a place in the royal councils, and, perceiving that he was unacceptable, he wandered away into Holland, visited the Queen of Bohemia at the Hague, and then returned in November to his wife at Bremen. The year 1655 he spent in idleness; but in the following spring his resources being exhausted, he found that he must once more go "a-colonelling," as Butler puts it, and, as a preliminary, sent his wife to her friends in Scotland. He gives quite a pathetic account of their parting—

"Finding no passage from Amsterdam to Scotland, I took my wife from thence to Rotterdam; and after a month's stay there and at the Hague, I found a good vessel bound for Leith, and in it my wife embarked. William Bruce, now Sir William, and Baronet and Clerk of the Bills, was likewise a passenger; at which I was glad, know-

ing he would do my wife all the good offices he could. I went with her below the Briell, where with a very sad heart I took my leave of her; finding then how sensible and touching a sorrow it is to part with a beloved yoke-fellow. I thought this separation of mine from her did too near resemble death; for I had no visible ground for any hope to see her again; I not being permitted to come to the country whither she was going, and there being but small probability that I could expect any fortune so soon as might invite her to take a share of it. But,

> '*Astra regunt homines, sed regit astra Deus.*
>
> 'The stars above governeth men below,
> But the Almighty rules the stars, we know.'

We put our trust in God, and He, Who never deserted those who put their confidence in Him, did not disappoint us. She landed safely, notwithstanding of a storm, and a great many Spanish capers at sea."

The disconsolate Cavalier rejoined General Middleton, after his wife's departure, and went with him to Dantzic, in the hope of engaging the King of Poland in the cause of Charles II. Deposed kings have few friends, and nothing came of the journey but disappointment and debt. Turner borrowed some moneys, and went on a mission of his own making to Copenhagen, being wishful to sell his sword to the Danish King, who was then at war with Sweden. He received an immediate commission to raise a regiment of foot one thousand

strong, and for this purpose returned to Holland; but while busily engaged in recruiting he received information of the death of the King, and was once more thrown out of employment. We may suppose, however, that he made a profit out of the transaction; for in spite of his doleful apprehensions he was able again to send for his wife, who joined him at the Hague, and they lived there together for a couple of years "with much content."

At the Restoration our Cavalier made his appearance in London, losing no time in petitioning the King to remember his faithful service. His Majesty asked to whom he wished his petition to be referred for consideration. Turner named the two most powerful of the Scottish nobles, the Earls of Lauderdale and Middleton. The former promised that he would get the King to confirm in England whatever the latter proposed in Scotland, thus relieving himself of responsibility. The truth seems to be, that Turner was trusted by neither party. At all events, as Middleton did nothing in Turner's behalf, Lauderdale's good-will was never put to the test. Our soldier of fortune, grievously disappointed, wished to go back to Scotland. On taking leave of the King, he was flattered with some very gracious expressions, and received the honour of knighthood; an honour, he says, which he had not desired nor deserved. Probably; but then it cost the King nothing, and was a cheap way of paying off a debt.

However in August 1662, as the result of inces-

sant solicitation, something more was done for him. He was commissioned to raise a company of foot, with which he was sent to keep order in Glasgow. He remained there until 1663. In March 1665 he was again dispatched to the West country, with one hundred and twenty foot and thirty horse, to put the laws concerning Church ordinance in force, or in other words, to wring out of the people on any plausible pretext the largest sum of money possible, in order to fill the royal treasury at Edinburgh. He stayed in Glasgow for two months and reduced the country into tolerable obedience. Soon afterwards he was sent to Ayr, Irvine, and Kilmarnock, to assist in disarming all persons but those entrusted with official duties. Next he was dispatched to Galloway, which was in a very disturbed state. There his stern and cold temper made itself painfully felt; and his cruelty and unscrupulousness attached perpetual odium to his name. The spirit in which he carried out his orders we may infer from an official report, drawn up some years later, in which he was condemned for—1. Quartering of soldiers for levying of fines and impositions; 2. Exacting cess or quartering money for more soldiers than were actually present, sometimes for double the number or more; 3. Cess exacted for divers days, sometimes eight, ten, or more, before the party did actually appear; 4. Imposing of fines and quartering before any previous citation or hearing of parties, and so on. Such oppression, not unnaturally, provoked the people of the West to insurrection.

One November day, at Dalry, four peasants interfered to prevent three or four ruffianly soldiers from ill-using a poor old man. In the scuffle a pistol was fired, and a soldier wounded. The peasants knew that "if taken, they would certainly be hanged, and they resolved to go through with it," and stand to their defence as best they might. There was a post of twelve soldiers hard by. Securing the co-operation of some of their neighbours, they attacked and overcame them, and carried off their weapons. The successful rioters then remembered that Sir James Turner was at Dumfries, and if they did not seize upon him, he would assuredly seize upon them, when their fate would soon be decided—a hasty trial and the nearest gibbet. A country gentleman, the Lord of Bascute, sided with them; numerous sympathizers came in; and with fifty horsemen and a crowd of peasants on foot, they marched into Dumfries, surrounded Turner's house, and as most of his force had been sent to Leith, easily made him prisoner.

What befell afterwards he relates with his usual complacency—

"The Captain (of the insurgents) mounted me on his own horse, and there was good reason for it, for he mounted himself on a far better one of mine, besides those he disposed of to others. Some gentlemen, out of affection, followed me out of Dumfries; one whereof was rudely commanded back, and two others were carried eight miles further, almost as prisoners. Yet I had the oppor-

tunity to tell one of them, that so soon as he returned to town, he shall immediately post away a servant of mine (whom he knew I trusted) to my Lord Archbishop of Glasgow, to acquaint him with all that had passed. It was a great addition to my grief to know that my lord at that time, because of a fever whereof he was not recovered, might fall in a relapse, and so not only endanger his life, but render him incapable to pay the King and the Church that service which otherwise I knew he was both able and willing to do, yet I thought it more fitting he should have it from my servant than from another, who would not perhaps have given him so right an information.

"That night I was lodged at the minister's house at Glencairn, but the rebels did not let me stay long there, being frighted from thence by a misintelligence they had, that the Earl of Annandale and my Lord Drumlanrig were following them with a strong party of friends and vassals. I found it was in vain for me to offer to persuade the Captain, that it was purely impossible for these Lords, in so short a time, to get so many men together as could encounter his party, which consisted of above nine score men, more than the half whereof consisted of horsemen, indifferently well mounted, with swords, pistols, and carabines; the rest were afoot, armed with muskets, pikes, swords, scythes, and pitchforks. When they had carried me away from thence, they put a strong guard upon me, and with much difficulty I was permitted to speak to the Captain, who a little before had dismissed

twenty of my soldiers, whom he had taken in the country, telling them they should have no quarter hereafter, if they served the Prelates any more. They had killed one Hamilton, a soldier of my own company, the night before, because he would neither take the Covenant, nor cared for their quarter. I did plead, I could be no prisoner of war, and therefore desired I might be set at liberty, which was refused me with much scorn and contempt.

"Then I desired he would leave me in some place till I convalesced, which I hoped would be within a day or two, and that I would not fail to come to him upon my parole, which I promised not to break. But the wicked wretch told me that he was so far from believing my word, that he would not trust the King, my master, if he were there; and uttered such horrid speeches as are not fit for any loyal subject to rehearse. I then told him he might now dispose of me as he pleased, for after these expressions of his, it did not become me to make any further applications to him. Most part of that night was spent in riding, in regard my indisposition constrained my guards to march but slowly. Once they took me in to refresh at a place called Castlefairn; the honest woman of the house was but shrewdly used, because by her pitiful looks she did show she had commiseration of my condition. There was one of my guards called Cannon of Barnshalloch, who entertained me the whole night with discourses of death, by order, as I imagined, from the Captain. He told me, he

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believed it was concluded I should die, and therefore wished me to prepare for it, and to repent of all my heinous sins, especially of that crying one of my persecuting God's people, who made conscience to keep the Covenant, to which all my actions showed me to be a mortal enemy. It is needless to repeat any more of his language or my answers to him; let it be enough to say that I endeavoured to learn from him whether my death was to be delayed till more of their forces were come together; his answer was, it was probable it might be delayed.

"On the 16th of the month we came to the old Clachan of Dalry, where they increased to two hundred and fifty. Master Hugh Henderson, late minister of Dumfries, who lived near that house, obtained leave of Gray that I might dine with him. And though he and I be of different persuasions, yet I will say that he entertained me with very real kindness, and desired the Captain to set me at liberty; whose answer was, that he could not dispose of me till he came to Ayrshire, where he was to receive further orders from his superiors. At this place Major Steuart of Monwhill gave me a visit, and though he be a Presbyterian, yet in plain language he called them both knaves and fools. It was reported to me that Captain Gray did here offer to resign his command to this Major Steuart, and that he absolutely refused it. I had often inquired what this Captain Gray was, and by what authority he did command these gentlemen he had never seen before; but I was answered by them all,

that they knew no more of him but that he called himself Captain Gray, and that he had brought an order with him to them all to obey him. I took much pains to learn from whom that order came, whether from one man as a general, or from more men as a council, a committee, or junto; but could never yet, by any means I could use, come to the knowledge of it."

So far I have allowed this ingenious and self-satisfied gentleman to speak for himself; but his stupendous egotism, his easy confidence in his superior knowledge and wisdom, renders him so incontinently prolix that, interesting as, in itself, is his narrative of adventure, I must now abridge and condense it, in justice to the reader's patience and my limitations of space.

On Sunday, the 18th, the Covenanters, with their prisoner, marched to Dalmellington. On the way, the couple of guards who rode on either side of him chose, as a cheerful subject of discourse, the lawfulness of putting him to death on the Sabbath day, because he had compelled many precious Christians to transgress the Sabbath by preventing them from hearing their lawful pastors "in hills and woods," and forcing them to go to church to hear "dumb dogs"—that is, the ministers of the Established Kirk.

By way of Tarbolton they moved on to Ayr, the strength of the insurgents being increased to seven hundred. They fell in with a Major Lermond, who accosted the shifty Cavalier with disagreeable frankness. He had known him, he

said, when he was a gentleman; but he was such no longer, being a persecutor of God's saints, a slave to prelacy, and an instrument of its tyranny. Turner was lodged in an inn at Ayr, with three gentlemen in his apartment to keep him under watch and ward, and a guard of horse and foot below stairs.

On the 21st his guards were changed. The men were proved to be of rougher texture than their predecessors; and half-a-dozen breaking into his room dragged him from it with great rudeness, and in such haste that he had no time to settle with his landlord! His horse not being ready, he was made to trudge afoot almost out of the town; but encountering fortunately the officer who had been previously in command, he was carried back to the inn, where he was allowed to discharge his reckoning and enjoy his morning draught. The march being resumed, he was mounted on a slow-footed horse, and deprived of his spurs, to lessen his chances of escape; but Calhoun, a bankrupt merchant of Glasgow, who held him in charge, behaved with very much respect and civility.

At Ochiltree lodgings were found for him in the principal alehouse, where he was "indifferently well used," and visited by some of the Covenanters, both officers and ministers. And here I may note that he seems to have had really very little to complain of in the way of treatment, notwithstanding the evil reputation he had acquired as an "oppressor" and "enemy of God's people." Some sharp reproaches were occasionally hurled at him,

but this was all. He makes the most of every petty grievance in that garrulous and not always, I fear, too veracious narrative of his; it is evident, however, that he experienced no very harsh usage or special privation.

From Ochiltree they pushed on to Muirkirk, and thence to Douglas—in the neighbourhood of Scott's *Castle Dangerous*—where the command of the Covenanters was taken up by an experienced soldier, Colonel Wallace. They then numbered about four hundred horse, armed with sword, or sword and pistol; and five hundred foot, carrying musket, pike, sword, scythe, or pitchfork, according to their degree—some, nothing but a great long staff. When a couple of troops of cavalry were skirmishing against each other by way of exercise, Sir James was moved to admiration by the agility of both the horsemen and their steeds, the excellent order kept in the ranks, and the high degree of discipline attained in so brief a period.

Their object being Edinburgh, our insurgents kept their course to the east, crossing the Clyde at Lanark, where Sir James's fastidious sense of right and wrong was much shocked by their behaviour, though I find nothing in it that was worse than his own when he trailed a pike in the German wars. "It was an ordinary thing," he says, "for any of them all to call for anything was necessary for either horse or man, and say they would pay it when they came back"—which, probably, most, if not all, of them may have meant to do. He adds, sarcastically, that this was but

"a peccadillo in both officers and soldiers, for a great sin it could not be in such saints, who, say they, have the only true right to the creature." It must be remembered, however, that Turner is by no means a trustworthy authority as to the action of those whom he calls "the sectaries." He tells the following curious story, by the way, which, if true, may be taken as a measure of the hatred he had inspired by his exactions.

A certain person who, he says, shall be nameless, desiring to see him as a prisoner and environed with drawn swords, Major Lermond led him out of his corner, round about the Tolbooth, and before a high window where that person stood. There were many signs of joy, and much laughter passed betwixt him and the Major, yet he endeavoured to keep so within the window that Sir James Turner might not espy him, but in vain. "It was a ridiculous action," comments Sir James, "of that foolish Major, to satisfy any man's curiosity by abusing himself and the charge he then exercised. And to the other I shall say, it was below a gentleman, and unbeseeming a good subject, to desire to glut his eyes with the sight of the low condition and captivity of one who professed loyalty to the King."

At Lanark the insurgents were joined by some forty or fifty sympathizers, attaining their maximum of numbers, which Turner puts at eleven hundred, though some authorities estimate it at three thousand. Descending from the Lanarkshire hills, with the Royal army under General Thomas

Dalyell (or Dalziel—a soldier of fortune, like Turner, who had seen much service against the Turks and Tartars, and had been raised to the rank of General by the Czar Alexis Michaelovitch) in hot pursuit, they crossed a wide stretch of moorland and morass, ascended the vast shoulder of the Pentlands, and approached within five miles of the Scottish capital. There they were drawn up in two squadrons of horse and one division of foot, and harangued by one of their ministers, who, in ardent language, desired them to remember that Covenant and oath of God which they had taken, and their duty to carry themselves not only devoutly towards God, but civilly and discreetly towards men. He assured them that their friends were ready to receive and embrace them with open arms, and to furnish them with all necessaries for back and belly, as also with all things which might render them able to meet their enemies. "But," said he, "you must not stop there, for to be civil to those who are good to you deserves neither thanks nor reward. I entreat you to use all imaginable discretion to those who are not of your persuasion; endeavour to gain them with love, and by your good carriage stop the mouths of your adversaries."

On November 27, the thirteenth day of the insurrection, the Covenanters advanced to Colinton, two miles from Edinburgh. At some points of their march they were visible from the Castle, but out of range of its guns. They encamped in a place defensible enough against sudden attacks

"by reason of a church and churchyard, and a stone bridge," the river, because of the great rains, being unfordable. But a terrible disappointment awaited them. There was no rising in the city as they had been led to expect; the saints came not forth to battle with the ungodly; no brave spirits offered to swell their scanty ranks; even "the necessaries for back and belly" were not forthcoming. There, in the black gloom of the November night, they realized that their cause was hopeless; that they had committed themselves to an enterprise which never had any prospect of success. Colonel Wallace saw that his only chance was a hasty return to the West; and quickly putting his little force, which was rapidly diminishing by desertions, into motion, he re-crossed the green slopes of the Pentlands by House of Muir to Rullion Green on their southern side. There they were overtaken by Dalziel and his army; and Wallace, perceiving that an action was inevitable, posted his half-starved men and horses on a bold ridge that rises out of the natural valley (November 28). It was not without some sharp fighting, nor until two attacks had been beaten off, that Dalziel, with all his superiority in numbers, discipline, and equipment, overcame the resistance of those gallant peasants. But, overcome by repeated charges, at nightfall they broke and fled.

Sir James Turner's experiences on this memorable occasion he narrates with his characteristic air of superiority.

At the outset of the fight, his guards were ordered to come down from their position on the summit of the ridge, and take up ground in the rear of the main body, "only to make a show." As soon as he saw that the Covenanters were being overpowered, he addressed these men with his usual *bonhomie*—"My friends," said he, "the day will be either yours or ours. If yours, I am still your prisoner, and I believe I shall not be long troubled with you after your victory. If the day prove ours, your lives and mine are in equal danger. If then the King's forces gain the victory, defend you me from the violence of your party in their flight, and I shall assure you of your lives."

To this proposal those of his guards who remained with him—eight in all, the other eight having fled—readily assented. "Then put your swords in your left hands," said he, "and hold up your right hands to heaven, and let both you and me swear the performance of our mutual promises." Which was presently done. "And who will now say," remarked Sir James, humorously, "that I am not a Covenanter?" A few minutes later, he heard the Covenanting ministers crying aloud, and very frequently, "The God of Jacob! The God of Jacob!" This was when they saw a temporary check on the part of the King's troops. Turner asked them the meaning of their shout. They replied, Could he not see that the Lord was fighting for them? With a good deal of passion, he told them that they did not understand the

course of the fight, for they would see those troops whom they thought beaten quickly rally and make a stand; and as he spake, the whole body of Dalziel's foot and the left wing of his horse advanced firmly and in good order, with trumpets sounding and drums beating. "And in one word," exclaimed Turner, "if your party do not reel, run, and fly within a quarter of an hour, then I shall be contented you pistol me."

"It fell out so," says Turner, "that though the rebels for their number fought desperately enough, yet it pleased the Lord they were beaten, and their horse fled apace." While he was meditating how to avail himself of this opportunity, came one Cannon of Mondroget, bleeding freely from his wounds; and told him he must go with him. Turner answered that he was so ill mounted that he could not keep his pace, and that he knew he was not allowed the use of a spur. It was probable, said the Covenanter, that some of their officers might be made prisoners, and Turner might help by exchange to relieve them; therefore, forward he must go, for he neither could nor would leave him behind, much as it was against his inclination. But the Royal dragoons were galloping up; and Turner, catching sight of their shining corselets, advised Mondroget to take thought of his own life and not seek another's. The Covenanter perceived that the tables were turned, and rode away, fast and far. Four more of Turner's guards had beaten a retreat; the others he persuaded to turn with him, and he bade a drummer of his, who had fol-

lowed his fortunes, make known to any officer he came across that his master was on the field. The drummer fell in with a servant of the Duke of Hamilton, who soon afterwards rode up, and giving Turner and his prisoners—for such his former guards had become—the pass-word and the sign, conducted the former to his Grace, by whom he was received with the utmost kindness and courtesy. The Duke gave orders that the four peasants should be kindly used, and eventually, on Turner's application, they were set free.

Such was the end of our Cavalier's experiences as a captive; and such, too, was the end of the fourteen days' insurrection, which he had provoked by his severities. For these severities he was called to account by the Government, and it must be admitted that he made an adequate defence. There was also much debate about a sum of £38,000 which he had raised: what became of it is by no means clear, and at this distance of time is by no means important. But I do not think that much of it stuck in our Cavalier's hands; as a matter of fact, the Privy Council exonerated him. The official inquiry into his various alleged offences was concluded in May 1668. Thereafter he lived in strict retirement—a disappointed man, whose adventures had brought him no great profit and but small distinction. In his *Memoirs*, however, he attempts to make the best of things, and poses with some skill as a man more sinned against than sinning. "Though I profess myself," he writes,

"no Stoic, nor have I indeed that apathy or insensibility of the strokes of Fortune and afflictions whereof they foolishly boast, yet I may without vanity say that the King's displeasure with me being set aside, I have been but little moved with those changes of fortune that hath befallen me, nor have they brangled my resolutions from looking on prosperity and adversity with an equal eye, nor shall hinder me, so far as God shall enable me with grace, to keep a good conscience before God, an unspotted loyalty to my prince, and fair and honest dealing with all men, *at least in as high a degree as man in the state of imperfection can reach to.*

"I am writing this in the month of February, of the year of our Lord 1670, and entering in the fifty-sixth year of my own age, being in indifferent good health; my body, considering the fatigue of my life, not very crazy; the intellectuals which God hath bestowed upon me sound enough; and my memory so good, but though I never used to keep notes in writing, and that I have written within these last four months the Introduction to my Discourses, and the Introduction to this long Narration, with the Narration itself, in which are comprehended the most remarkable passages of my life; yet all and every one of them represented themselves as freshly to my remembrances as if they had been but the occurrences of yesterday. To God only wise, be glory for ever. Amen."

Turner, it must in all honesty be said, was no

Dugald Dalgetty; no rough, rude, unlettered mercenary, but a man of considerable acquirements, and not without a certain sense of duty. It was his boast—and a justifiable one—that he rendered faithful service to his employers. As to the cause or principles represented by those employers he was not particularly scrupulous; but at bottom he was a Royalist, and attached to the Stuart dynasty. That he was of a stern and severe temper is affirmed by his contemporaries, and proved by his actions. Bishop Burnet's character of the man is not very flattering, but I fear it is true—"He was naturally firm, but was mad when he was drunk, and that was very often. He was a learned man, but had always been in armies, and knew no other rule but to obey orders. He told me he had no regard to any laws, but acted as he was commanded in a military spirit."

In his romance of *Old Mortality*, Scott makes Major Bellenden refer to the most important of the works of this learned Cavalier and swash-bucklering scholar—"For my part," says the Major, "I have not read a book these twenty years except my Bible, *The Whole Duty of Man;* and, of late years, Turner's *Pallas Armata*, a Treatise on the Pike Exercise, and I don't like his discipline much neither."

That his range of reading was tolerably extensive, we may infer from the titles of his MS. Essays or Discourses preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, such as *Duties of Sovereigns*

and Subjects, *Orators and Preachers*, *Magic*, *The Jewish Cabbala*, *Anger*, *Revenge*, *Duels*, *Cruelty*. While in his *Miscellanies* he touches upon the following characters: Francesco Petrarca, Edward III., Lucrezia Borgia, Orlando, Julius Scaliger, Mary Stuart, Raymond Lulli, Cardinal Mazarin, Wallenstein, Villiers Duke of Buckingham, Mary Tudor Queen of England, King Charles, Gustavus of Sweden, and Queen Christina.

The date of Turner's death is generally given as 1685; his widow survived until 1716.

CHAPTER VII

GENERAL PATRICK GORDON

AMONG the numerous Scots who figured in the court and camp of Peter the Great the most distinguished was General Patrick Gordon; and it so happens that of him we know the most, since he took the precaution to write the record of his career, with its more stirring experiences, in the form of a Diary. From its unpretending, and, I think, veracious pages I have chiefly gathered the particulars which I have woven into the following narrative.

Patrick Gordon was a native of Buchan—a land of granite, worthy to have produced a man with such granitic strength of character. He was the son of the gudeman[1] of Auchleuchries, and was born in 1635, on the eve of the great contest which was to convulse both England and Scotland with its throes. At the age of five he was sent to school at Crochdan, at nine he was removed to one at Achridy; and when the war-troubles between the

[1] For the benefit of English readers I may explain that a "laird" was one who held his estate direct from the Crown; a "gudeman" held it from a great house, like the Dukes of Gordon or the Earls of Sutherland.

two countries broke out, he went with his family to reside at Achmade.

He was only sixteen when he resolved to go out into the world, and see what it had to offer to a young fellow with a clear brain, a stout heart, and an iron will. Some kind of equipment was provided for him by his father and uncle, though neither had much money to spare, and embarking at Aberdeen, he sailed for Dantzic. As a matter of course he happened upon one of his own countrymen, whose heart warmed towards the young adventurer, and supplied him with "bite and sup," until he pushed on to Königsberg. Then he fell in with a zealous Jesuit priest—another Scot—Father Alexander Menzies, who induced him to enter a Jesuit college at Braunsburg, hard by, but the close watch and ward under which he was kept proved intolerable to a youth of Gordon's temper. Moreover, he had no ambition to become either priest or scholar; he longed for the life adventurous; and quickly resolved to bid his custodians an unceremonious farewell. Slipping out of the college, one fine Tuesday morning, with a staff in one hand, a little bag (containing his linen and some books) in the other, and seven and a half dollars in his pocket, he "pilgrimed it away all alone." It was a bright fresh morning, and the enterprise suited his disposition; so that he had no misgiving until, in a patch of woodland, he came to a dividing of the ways, and stood hesitating which to choose—which led to fortune, which to failure.

After he had made his choice, a spasm of doubt possessed him, as it takes possession of all of us under similar circumstances. For though we have decided, and have no intention of going back, we cannot help a momentary apprehension that the other may have been the right way after all. "I began," he says, "with serious thoughts to consider my present condition, calling to mind from whence I was come—from my good, loving parents and friends—and where I was now, among strangers whose language I understood not, travelling, myself knew not well whither, having but seven dollars by me, which could not last long, and when that was gone I knew not where to get a farthing more for the great [homeward] journey and voyage which I intended. To serve or work, I thought it a disparagement [such was the pride of the Gordons!]; and to beg, a greater. With these and such-like thoughts"—natural enough to a lad of seventeen—"I grew so pensive and sad that, sitting down, I began to lament and bewail my miserable condition. Then, having my recourse to God Almighty, I, with many tears, implored His assistance, craving also the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and all the saints in heaven." At this moment, he says, an old man came riding up on the right hand, and perceiving that he wept, said to him in Dutch—"Cry not, my child; God will comfort you." With which words being much consoled, he sprang to his feet, and resumed his journey.

That night he lodged in a *Krue* ("Kroog"), or village tavern, and indulged himself at supper with

half a stoup of beer. On asking for a bed he was conducted to an empty waggon in the stable, where he laid himself down, with his cloak partly over and partly under him, and his coat and valise as a pillow; but by and by the maid of the inn, prepossessed perhaps by the tall, well-favoured young Scot, brought him a proper pillow, and he slept so comfortably that he woke not until half-an-hour before sunrise. Resuming his journey, he was greatly troubled by sore feet, and this trouble increasing upon him, he was at length compelled to hire a seat in a waggon which carried him to Dantzic. There he discovered that the last ship bound for a British port had sailed, and that he would have to wait some months for another chance. What was to be done? In Dantzic and its neighbourhood quite a little colony of Scotchmen was planted, and its hospitality did not fail him; but it was a kind of hospitality that young Gordon did not relish; and being advised that Poland offered the chances of a career, he set out on a journey to Warsaw. On arriving there, he obtained lodgings in the Luzinski suburb; then looked about him. He recognized not a few of his own countrymen, but his poverty induced him to hold back from their society; and he saw none who were likely to employ him. So he worked his way to Posen by assisting a man in charge of a team of horses; found there some more Scots, and being recommended by them to the kindly notice of a young Polish noble, travelled with him to Hamburg.

Gordon was now on the verge of twenty—a mere youth in years, but in knowledge of the world, in knowledge of men and manners, as old as the wisest of old men, or the oldest of wise men, and well able to hold his own among his fellows. At the moment of his arrival Hamburg was full of recruiting officers, who were levying men for the great Swedish army; and the streets echoed with the din of cavaliers ranting and carousing in every ale-house. A tall, strongly built, athletic young Scot, like this hero of ours, with resolution in the poise of his head and the carriage of his body, intelligence in the keen glance, and fearlessness on the firm-set lips, became at once an object of interest to the Swedes, who made every effort to secure him. "In all their discourses they extolled a soldier's life; telling that riches, honours, and all sorts of worldly blessings lay prostrate at a soldier's feet, wanting only his will to stoop and take them up; then, falling out in commendation of our countrymen, than whom no better sojers were of any nation to be found, and that albeit nature had endowed them with a genius fit for anything, yet did they despise the ease, advantage, or contentment any other trade might bring, and embraced that of a soldier, which, without all dispute, is the most honourable." Gordon, however, turned a deaf ear to these advances. He was not minded to enlist in the ranks; nothing less than an officer's commission would satisfy his young ambition.

It is not true, perhaps, that Fortune always favours the bold; but it favoured young Gordon,

for it brought him into contact with one of his own class, a Gordon of Troup, who held the rank of Rittmaster, or captain, in the Swedish army. Through this man's good services he was happily started on what proved to be a prosperous career. On July 25, 1655, he joined the Swedish army in its camp near Stettin, in command of a company. Thence he followed that brilliant but erratic meteor of war in his iniquitously aggressive campaign against the Poles. To Gordon, as to other soldiers of fortune, the right or wrong of the quarrel in which he fought mattered little. His sole principle of military morality was loyal service to his employers, and this he was rigid in his observance of. More than once taken prisoner by the Poles, and pressed to join them, he refused their liberal offers, and when an exchange took place returned to the Swedish flag. It was not until 1659, when, having once more fallen into their hands, the Poles refused to exchange him, that he yielded to their solicitations, and the force of circumstances; and after a good deal of huxtering accepted the lucrative post of quartermaster. That such an appointment should have been given to a young man of twenty-four is a convincing proof that he had already come to be known as a brave soldier and a good officer.

That he was a man of hard temper, with no scruple about bloodshed, we know from his projected attempt on the life of the individual whom he mistook for the regicide Bradshaw. This was in 1658, when the Poles were encamped at Werder.

"An English ambassador," he says, "called Bradshaw, having been on his journey to Moscovia and not admitted, returned that way, and was lodged in Lamehand's tavern. We getting notice thereof, and judging him to be that Bradshaw who sat President in the Highest Court of Justice upon our sovereign King Charles I. of blessed memory, were resolved, come what will, to make an end of him; and being about fifteen with servants, six whereof might be accounted trusty weight, the others also indifferent, we concluded that, doing the feat in the evening, we could easily make our escape by benefit of the strait ground and darkness of the night, and so, being resolved, we took our way thither. Being come near, and asking a boor come from thence some questions, he told us that just now some officers were come from Elbing to the ambassador, and some forty dragoons who were to guard and convey him to Marienburgh, which made us despair of *doing any good* (?), and so we returned. We had resolved to make our addresses to him, as sent with a commission from Field-marshal Von der Linde to him; and being admitted, seven or eight of us, to have gone in and stabbed him, the rest guarding our horses and the door; and so, being come to horse, make our escape to Dantzic."

I do not quote this autobiographical passage with any intention of asking the reader to admire it, and assuredly I do not quote it as reflecting the slightest credit upon Quartermaster Patrick Gordon. It describes what seems to me a really dastardly

project for committing a great crime with the least possible risk of life or limb to those engaged in it; and no amount of royal favour can be held to have justified it. We learn from it the extent to which the stormy influences of the age deadened men's moral sense; so that when they planned with the utmost coolness the murder of a political opponent, they were not at all concerned if the blow aimed at him struck somebody else. I can find no ground for believing that if Gordon had slain the ambassador, and afterwards discovered that he was not the regicide, he would have felt very great regret.

Gordon had been only a few months in the Polish service when he heard of the restoration of the Stuarts, and for a moment thought of carrying his ambition and experience into the pay of his own country. But his father wrote to him that the army had been disbanded, and that Britain offered no field for military enterprise. He remained, therefore, in Poland, but discontentedly; for he wanted opportunities of distinction—ample room and verge enough to beat his daring wings. There must have been an air of command about the man, young as he was, for he was treated even by his superiors with marked deference. The Russian ambassadors showed as much eagerness to secure him as the Poles had done, and earnestly desired their colonels to engage him in the Czar's service, promising that he should not be delayed longer than three years, one year with the rank of major, and two years

with that of lieutenant-colonel. He did not accept their offers at the time, but held them in reserve that he might have another string to his bow.

He seems to have had some thought of entering the Emperor's service in the hope of fighting against the Turks; but when an opportunity offered he began to dwell on the Russian bid, and to obtain a better knowledge of the Muscovite system he made his way to Riga to consult with an experienced soldier, one General Douglas. Him, however, he missed, but, as usual, Scotchmen were there; two of his old comrades and friends, as he calls them, Alexander Landells and Walter Airth, to whom, over a cup of wine, he revealed his position and prospects. They told him that the Muscovite pay was not very liberal, but it was sure; that promotion was speedy; that many Scotchmen of high quality were serving under his standard; and that they themselves, with many others, were about to join. "So that the consideration," says Gordon, "of at least a certain livelihood, preferment, good company, and my former promises and engagements, confirmed me in my resolution to go to Moscow."

At Koluminsko, a country house belonging to the Czar, Gordon had his first interview with Peter the Great, whom he was to serve for so many years with equal capacity and faithfulness, and assist in the great work of building up and consolidating the Russian empire. He was at once placed upon the Imperial staff; and at the head of a regiment,

which he was to train and discipline, was dispatched to Novogorod. There he gave an example of his very practical and resolute temper. The rich burgesses of that opulent city were exceedingly reluctant to admit the officers and soldiers into their houses. "Amongst the rest," says Gordon, "a merchant, by whom my quarters were taken up, whilst my servants were cleansing the inner room; he broke down the oven in the outer room which served to warm both, so that I was forced to go to another quarter. But, to teach him better manners, I sent the provost-marshal to quarter by him, with twenty prisoners and a corporalship of sojours, who, by connivance, did grievously plague him a week; and it cost him near a hundred dollars before he could procure an order out of the right office to have them removed, and was well laughed at besides for his incivility and obstinacy."

At the outset his position in the service had its inconveniences. The Muscovites regarded these Scotch soldiers of fortune who were crowding into their regiments with not unnatural dislike. A foreign immigration is seldom popular with the natives. "Our country for ourselves!" is a sentiment to which everybody but a cosmopolitan philosopher will respond, and with which the Muscovites of those days were in cordial agreement. "Strangers," writes Gordon, "are looked upon as a company of hirelings, and at the best (as they say of women)"—O churlish Patrick!—"but *necessaria mala* (necessary evils). No honour or degree of

preferment here to be expected but military, and that with a limited command, in the attainment whereof a good mediator or mediatory, and a piece of money or other bribe, is more available than the merit or sufficiency of the person; a faint heart under fair plumes, and a cuckoo in gay clothes, being as ordinary here as a counterfeited or painted visage."

Some of the earlier entries in his Diary at this period seem worth transcribing—

"1661. September 17.—I got orders to receive from a Russ 700 men to be in one regiment, being runaway sojours out of several regiments, and fetched back from divers places. Having received them, I marched through the Sloboda of the strangers to Krasira Villa, where we got our quarters, and exercised these soldiers twice a day in fine weather.

"September 20.—I received money (25 roubles) for my welcome, and the next day sables, and two days thereafter damask and cloth.

"September 25.—I received a month's means in cursed copper money, as did those who came along with me.

"September 27.—About thirty officers, most whereof I had bespoke in Riga, came to Moscow, most of them being our countrymen, as Walter Airth, William Guild, George Keith, Andrew Burnet, Andrew Calderwood, Robert Stuart, and others, most whereof were enrolled in our regiment."

For more than a twelvemonth after his arrival in Moscow, Gordon suffered from depression of spirits.

He had a severe illness—an attack of intermittent fever, and was exposed to frequent annoyances from the ignorant jealousy of the Muscovites. Of their ignorance he records a striking sample—A Lithuanian officer was advised by his Italian doctor to sprinkle cream-of-tartar upon his food. They spoke in Latin, and the Russian captain of the guard, overhearing the words "*cremor tartari*," reported that the patient and his physician had been discussing the affairs of Crim Tartary. The physician with difficulty escaped torture.

Through these and other trials Gordon steadily did his duty after the old Scottish fashion, and steadily rose in the esteem and confidence of his employers. In 1662 he was made a lieutenant-colonel. He then determined that "it would be for his advantage to take unto himself a wife; that he should be much happier as a married man than he was as a bachelor." After looking carefully around, he fixed his choice on the daughter of Colonel Philip Albrecht von Bockhoven—a handsome, amiable, well-educated girl, who, however, was only thirteen, while Gordon was twenty-seven. Neither the young lady nor her parents raised any objection; and, after a two years' courtship, Gordon and she were happily married.

In 1666 the Czar sent him on a mission to Charles II. He thus describes his interview with the so-called Merry Monarch—

"October 9.—I found his Majesty standing under a canopy bareheaded, with many nobles about him. Having entered the room, and performed the

usual reverences, I took the Emperor's letters from my brother-in-law. After I had the short compliment, his Majesty was pleased to receive the letters with his own hand, and gave them up immediately to one standing by, and asked me for the good health of his Majesty, which I answered after the ordinary way. Then his Majesty was pleased to say that this message was so much the more acceptable that the Czar had been pleased to entrust one of his own subjects with it, and caused tell me that I might use the freedom of the Court."

As regards the latter privilege he notes, two days later, that the King's locksmith, by order, brought a key which opened the doors to the park, galleries, and other passages in the Court. His name was engraved upon it, and it cost him a fee of twenty shillings to the locksmith, and five shillings to the locksmith's man. Twenty-five shillings seems little enough for the freedom of the Court!

Gordon remained in London until the following January, when, having fulfilled the mission with which he had been entrusted, he took leave of the King on the 22nd, gave a farewell dinner—"a *valete* dinner," as he calls it—to his friends at *The Cock* Tavern in Suffolk Street; left London on the 29th, embarked at Dover on February 6, and landed at Nieuport on the following evening. But he did not reach Warsaw until June 6, when he was received by his wife and comrades with great rejoicing.

One of the experiences of his long journey is

not without interest. It occurred on the road from Gluckstadt to Hamburg, March 8.

He had hired a great waggon with four horses, and had for his companions a sea-captain, and another who was travelling with his wife. The weather being very cold, they caused a good deal of straw to be put in, which, by and by, occasioned a disaster. For the captain's wife, sitting beside her husband, had with her, as the fashion then was, a pot with coals in a wooden case. By some accident the coals ignited the straw, and compelled a general retreat. While the captains and others were striving with their hats and cloaks to damp and stifle the fire, Gordon threw out the cloak-bags, but not before some holes were made in his new Ferendine cloak, and a Mr. Deeri's little bag of linen, worth fifteen or twenty dollars, completely destroyed. The two captains' hats and cloaks were also ruined.

For nearly ten years, from June 1667 to January 1677, a great gap occurs in the General's Diary; and for information as to this period of his life we must turn to other sources. From these we know that he lost favour with the Czar, for some unexplained reason, and had to wait until the next reign before he could even obtain payment of the expenses he had incurred on his English mission. From 1670 to 1677 he had command in the Ukraine, and assisted in subduing the Cossacks of Little Russia. In 1678 he made vigorous efforts to obtain permission to leave Russia, but in vain; his value being

too well understood. In the same year he acquired fresh laurels by his successful defence of Tschigerin against the combined forces of the Turks and Tartars. In 1683, when he held the chief command in the Ukraine, he was raised to the rank of Lieutenant-General. Three years later he obtained six months' leave of absence, and visited Scotland, to look after the inheritance which had come to him by the death of his parents; but was compelled to leave his wife and children behind him as hostages for his return. He reached London in the middle of April, and was graciously received by James II. and his Queen. The freedom of the Court was again granted to him.

To follow the General in all his doings in England and Scotland would be superfluous. With true Scottish caution he carefully noted down all his disbursements during his stay, and some of these items have an interest as illustrating the different prices of commodities then and now. For example. On May 4, 1686, he writes—"This day I went to the City, and by the way did meet the Scots battalion, marching through the City, well-clothed, armed, and disciplined. I took my leave of friends in the City, and, returning, saw the tragedy of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, acted in Whitehall, in the presence of the King, Queen, and all the Court. Expended this day for freight and meat for two servants to Scotland, forty shillings; on the way to thence, twelve shillings; for my two servants' diet, while I was at Chertsey, four

shillings; for dinner, eightpence; tea and ale, sixpence.

"May 6.—I began to look about me for horse furniture, and Major Dougall bought for me a saddle, with furniture and saddle-cloth, for seventeen shillings tenpence. Gave to a poor widow, two shillings; to Shenton, fourpence; for trimming, sixpence; for dinner, with wine, two shillings sixpence; to the boy, at night, fourpence; for carrying things to the boat, one shilling. I saw the Scots battalion exercised in the Hyde Park before the King and Queen, and saw the comedy, *Rehearsal* [the Duke of Buckingham's celebrated burlesque] acted.

"May 7.—I hired another more private lodging at a brazier's in *Pall Mall*, paying for a chamber, five shillings sixpence a week, and a bed for my servants. . . . May 8.—I moved to my new lodgings, paying house-hire and some books which I bought, two pounds eighteen shillings threepence; for dinner, two shillings sixpence; for a trunk mail, seven shillings sixpence; for two pair of stockings, eight shillings; for candle, sixpence."

On May 17, accompanied by Sir Ewan Campbell, Lord of Lochiel, General Patrick Gordon left London, and travelled northward. Next day he rode through Godmanchester, where he saw "the most, in such a place, handsome and beautiful woman he ever saw in his lifetime." Is Godmanchester still favoured in this way? Crossing the Ouse, he and his friend found their horses failing,

and "were forced to think of swapping." In the end they effected a bargain, but not a profitable one, and Gordon exclaims, with a sigh, "so are travellers preyed upon everywhere." On the 21st they rode through the green glades of Sherwood, with its memories of Robin Hood and Maid Marian. They reached Newcastle on the 25th; Wooler the next day; crossed the Border on the 27th, and spent the night at Lauder. About three o'clock the next day they entered Edinburgh, and Gordon took up his residence in the Canongate at the sign of the King's Arms.

In the Scottish capital he visited everybody of note, and saw everything of interest. He had been absent from his native country so long that the attraction of the dimly-remembered scenes which caught his eye was enhanced by their air of novelty. On June 21 he crossed to Burntisland. On the 23rd he was at Arbroath, and next day at Aberdeen, where kith and kin, and the men of his clan, gave a great welcome to the veteran soldier who had so well sustained the good repute of the name of Gordon.

At Aberdeen he was very busy.

"July 7.—I went to see the College in the Old Town, and was very well received, and showed all worth the seeing there. I went to the Links afterwards. In the evening the Earl of Aberdeen came, to whom I paid a visit.

"July 8.—I was invited to a collation by the Lord Provost and Magistrates, when, with my friends, I was heartily entertained, and all my

relations who were there made burgesses. My sister and sister-in-law being come into the town to see me, we made very merry with good music.

"July 12.—In the evening the Lord Marshal came to town, whom I visited, he coming over to my lodging, where we supped and were merry.

"July 13.—I went with some friends to the Bridge of Dee, and dined in a tavern upon excellent fresh salmon."

But the end soon came to Gordon's merry-making and junketing, to the fresh salmon and the old wine; and having arranged his private affairs to his satisfaction, he prepared to return to his Muscovite employers. He left on the 18th, being escorted to his vessel by the magistrates of the city; but owing to the stormy weather which prevailed, did not arrive at Riga until August 2. Thence he went on to Moscow, and husband, wife, and children were reunited on December 27.

CHAPTER VIII

GENERAL PATRICK GORDON (*continued*)

On January 20, 1689, the Czar Peter—known in history as Peter the Great—was married (being in his seventeenth year) to Eudoxia Feodorowna Lapuchon. Gordon had been introduced to his young sovereign just three years before; but it was not until this year that he was admitted into his confidence, in reward for his fidelity in the struggle which took place between the Czar and the Princess Sophia for supremacy, their imbecile brother Ivan being senior Czar only in name.

At this time the Strelitzes, or household troops, who in not a few respects resembled the Janizaries of Turkey, claimed a definitive voice in the settlement of the Crown. Originally established by Ivan the Terrible in the middle of the sixteenth century, as a curb and check on the arrogance of the Boyards, or great nobles, and taking their orders only from the Czar himself, they had developed into a military oligarchy which defied control and insisted on the most exceptional privileges. The Czar being their master, they pretended that it was for them to decide who this

master should be. Through a series of ingenious intrigues, and a lavish bestowal of bribes and promises, the Princess Sophia won them to her side; and they undertook to release her from all fear of her brother's rivalry by the simple expedient of putting him to death. Had they succeeded—and success was almost within their grasp—the course of history, not in Russia alone, but in all Europe, would, we may assume, have been completely changed; and Russia might never have risen to the position of a Great Power.

That the contention between Peter and the Princess was rapidly approaching a climax became evident, in the summer of 1689, to all cool observers, like Gordon, who notes in his Diary on August 6, that "rumours unsafe to be uttered" are nevertheless abroad. On the following day these rumours were tragically confirmed. At midnight some faithful hand conveyed intelligence to Peter that the Strelitzes and soldiers of the Guard had received orders from the Kremlin—his sister's head-quarters—to march upon Preobraschenskoje, and there do execution upon certain persons. The young Czar at once understood the significance of the message. He sprang from his bed; and without waiting to put on his heavy riding-boots, hurried to the stables, threw himself on the back of the nearest horse, and galloped into the covert of the neighbouring wood, where he remained until a few faithful attendants arrived with his clothes. Then he resumed his flight; and, riding in hot haste, reached the monastery of Troitzka, or the

Holy Trinity—a forty miles' journey—by six o'clock in the morning. Throwing himself upon a bed, he burst into tears, and having informed the Abbot of what had occurred, desired his protection. The sanctity of the place secured his personal safety, and he was free to take steps for the maintenance of his authority. Though he issued immediate orders to the officers of the Strelitzes, he knew that he could not rely upon them, and he turned to the foreigners in his service in the hope of obtaining their adhesion. He was not disappointed. Gordon, after a brief interval of reflection, made known his intention of marching to the Troitzka, and placing himself at the disposal of the young Czar. The others immediately decided to follow his example; and next day saw them drawn up in military array at the gate of the monastery. Peter was at his midday dinner when their arrival was announced. He sent at once for Gordon, and ordered him to keep by his side; while the other officers were instructed to encamp their regiments beneath the convent walls.

Four days afterwards, Peter entered Moscow in triumph, and the trial of the conspirators began. They were found guilty, and beheaded or banished. The Princess Sophia was sent to a convent, where she lived fifteen years in confinement. The weakly Ivan was easily brought to consent that his younger, stronger, and abler brother should take into his hands the sole sovereignty. Thus the revolution ended in placing Peter firmly on the throne. He did not forget to reward with liberal

hand the Scotch soldier whose allegiance, so promptly given at so critical a moment, had turned the scale of fortune in his favour, and given him the victory over his enemies. It is not, I think, an exaggeration to say that to the loyal and honest service of Patrick Gordon, Russia owes all that became hers through the enlightened and progressive rule of Peter the Great.

Some curious passages, illustrative of the condition of society and the Court in this dawning time of the Muscovite civilization, occur in our soldier's Diary.

Thus, on January 8, 1690, we read that the Governor of Torki was put to death, because "he had employed magic" to regain the favour of the Czar; two poor wretches whom he had employed for this purpose were burned alive; while ten of his servants were beaten with the knout and sent to Siberia. One of them being asked at the trial what manner of witchcraft he used, answered, that placing himself to windward of the person whom he wished to propitiate, he made a wind blow which accomplished the desired end.

On the 10th, the mother-in-law of the Boyar Golizn, having spoken in his hearing, and in that of his friends, against the Czar's Government, she, and he, and they were all banished and their properties confiscated, while some of their servants were knouted.

On the 11th, while Gordon was at the Kremlin, the young Czar was making a quantity of fireworks,

which, on the 16th, when Gordon dined with him, were successfully discharged.

On the 19th, Gordon was again at Court, and accompanied the Czar to the country house of a Boyar, who entertained them at a sumptuous noonday meal. Then they repaired to a summer residence of the Czar, where they had another pyrotechnic display; and returning to the Boyar's mansion, enjoyed a second magnificent banquet,—with the result that Gordon was too ill next day to rise until the afternoon.

He dined at the Kremlin on the 21st, and again on the 22nd, when his son-in-law, while making fireworks—which seems to have been a favourite pastime at the Court of Moscow—burned his face.

Numerous entries occur of long conversations with the Czar. On the 19th (February), Peter gave him a glass of brandy with his own hand. On the 23rd, the troops were marched to the Kremlin to congratulate the Czar on the birth of a son. Gordon, in the name of the regiments under his command, addressed the Czar as follows—

"God grant that thou, great Czar and Grand Duke, Peter Alexisewitsch, Autocrat of all Great, Little, and White Russia, and Lord, Heir and Ruler, through father and grandfather, of many lordships and lands in east, west, and north — with your Majesty's new-born heir and our lord, the most Serene Prince and Grand Duke Alexis Petrowitsch, of Great, Little, and White Russia—may be preserved in health many years!"

The General then drew up his regiment in line

three deep, the first rank kneeling, the second stooping, the third standing. In this array they fired volleys, while their banners waved and their drums beat merrily. The Czar was so delighted with all this military pomp and circumstance, that he ordered it to be repeated again and again. Thus was celebrated the birth of the unhappy prince, who, while still in his youth, was doomed to fall a victim to his father's jealousy, and perish like a criminal on a dubious charge.

Gordon records a great feast on May 3, in honour of the Imperial birthday; when Peter, who had already developed the taste for brandy which helped to shorten his life, handed a glass to each guest as a signal favour.

To dine with the Czar seems to have been risky work. We frequently meet with frank confessions from Gordon of illness following his participation in the Imperial bouts.

On January 2, 1691, Gordon had an audience at Preobraschenskoje, and, when taking leave, was ordered by the Czar to prepare for a visit from himself and his Court, who would dine and sup with him next day. And next day, about ten o'clock, the Czar arrived, accompanied by eighty-five persons of distinction, with about a hundred attendants. He immediately sat down to a truly imperial banquet, which was highly successful—so also was the supper—and the Czar spent the night as if in camp.

Hospitality on so extensive a scale must have

been very costly; but the Czar was liberal with his gifts. On March 6, he presented Gordon with confiscated plate and other property, to the value of a thousand roubles.

Passing on to 1694, we get some glimpses of Peter's efforts to create a Russian navy. In May he went on a visit to Archangel as the "Great Skipper" or High Admiral, accompanied by Gordon as Rear-Admiral, and a new ship was launched in his presence. In the following month he sailed in his yacht on a fortnight's cruise. Then a couple of English men-of-war arrived, and the Skipper and his Rear-Admiral went on board, examining and admiring everything; and a good deal of powder was burned, and a good deal of wine drunk. On the 29th, the Rear-Admiral received the Great Skipper on board the newly-launched ship, and congratulated him on the addition to his navy. After receiving a cup of brandy and another of sack from the Skipper, they landed and dined at John Grim's, where, as Gordon acknowledges, they all drank to excess, in the wild, coarse, Muscovite fashion. A similar revel took place at Gordon's house on July 6; so that one hopes the Czar and his officers had seasoned heads. But more serious business was at hand.

Early in 1698, Russia declared war against Turkey, and Gordon received orders to march upon Azov. His army came in sight of the city on April 22, and two days later was joined by Peter and his commander-in-chief, Somonowitsch Schein. It was mid-June, however, before the investment of

the place was complete. Of two of the forts which defended the approaches, one was captured by Colonel James Gordon; whereupon the enemy evacuated the other. The siege being closely pressed, the Turks, about the middle of July, made an effort to break it up by a desperate sally against General Gordon's division; but though they fought with immense courage, they were beaten back. During the following night, a German engineer deserted to the Turks, and disclosed the weak points of the Russian lines. They repeated their attack, and were nearly successful, being driven off only by the opportune arrival of General Gordon and his division.

On August 4, in opposition to Gordon's advice, the Czar ordered the town to be assaulted. As Gordon had predicted, the attempt failed. The carnage was terrible. Of the four regiments in his division, fifteen hundred men were killed, besides officers. A second assault, towards the end of August, was not less unsuccessful; and the Czar then raised the siege.

But with characteristic tenacity of purpose, he resumed the campaign early in 1696; and Gordon, at the head of fifteen thousand men, was again ordered to march upon Azov. He arrived at Womersh on April 19, and he records his being present at a banquet given by General Lefort, when the health of William III. being drunk, the stout old Jacobite refused to join, but drank instead to that of James II.

The second siege of Azov began in June; and

Gordon's advice being taken, the city was compelled to surrender before the end of the month. A brief narrative of the military operations is given by Gordon's son-in-law, Alexander Gordon, of Auchintoul.

"The Czar," he says, "considering the great loss of time he had sustained the preceding year, called a council of war to know the opinion of the Generals about the safest and most expeditious method of becoming masters of the place. Most of them delivered their sentiments in the common way, by carrying on attacks, making of great breaches, with mines and batteries, which (they said) would infallibly oblige the Governor to capitulate in the terms of war, or expect the worst. Then General Patrick Gordon, as the oldest General, gave his opinion that the safest and most expeditious way to become masters of the town, would be to carry on before them a whole rampart of earth along the front of the town, which [rampart], as they advanced, would hourly increase. "By having ten or twelve thousand men night and day at work," said he, "we shall carry and roll as much earth before us as will not only be sufficient to fill up the fosse, but will have more over and above than will exceed the height of the town walls; by which means, in a few weeks, we shall oblige the enemy to surrender, or we shall bury them alive." The Czar preferred this opinion, and told them to do as he [Gordon] proposed.

"And with such vigour did Gordon press the work, that in five weeks the fosse was full, and a great

bank or rampart of earth was raised, from the summit of which the fire of the Muscovite guns swept the walls of the beleaguered city. This rampart was kept moving forward by a simple expedient: the men from *inside* shovelled the earth up the slope and over the summit, where it rolled down *outside*, the process being repeated till a new rampart was built up of the same height as the preceding one. Then the men began to dig away from the inside and shovel over on the outside again, each time drawing nearer to the city, and increasing the deadliness of their fire, until on June 20 the city capitulated.

"Though this ⋀⋀⋀⋀," says Auchintoul, "seems to be a very extraordinary and uncommon method of taking towns, yet here it proved very successful and safe; the loss of men during the siege not amounting to above three hundred. According to General Gordon's plan, there were constantly twelve thousand men at work, who threw the earth from hand to hand like so many steps of a stair. The greatest danger was at the top; the earth being so loose, especially as they advanced nearer the town, that the enemy's small shot killed and wounded several: for which cause they were relieved every half-hour, the uppermost rank falling down and becoming the lowermost, and so on. There were strong guards kept on the right and left, as also in the rear. About June 20, a body of Turks and Tartars, by break of day, endeavoured to pierce the lines and force their way into the town, but were repulsed with considerable loss, and

so closely pursued by the Russian cavalry, Cossacks and Calmucks, that most of them were cut to pieces. The only officer of distinction the Czar lost during this siege was one Colonel Stevenson, a Scots gentleman. He was shot in the mouth, *being a little too curious*, and raising himself too high on the loose earth to observe the enemy. He died of hunger, the eleventh day after he received the wound, not being able to swallow any kind of nourishment. He was a good officer, and much regretted by the Czar, who caused bury him with all the honours of war.

"The army marched out of the town, about six thousand persons, whereof three thousand were armed men."

Crowned with laurels, the Russian army returned to Moscow on October 9. The Czar was liberal in his rewards to his victorious officers, and especially to Gordon, with whom rested the honours of the siege. He received a medal, a gold cup, a costly robe of sables, and an estate with ninety serfs upon it.

Gordon did not accompany his Imperial master on his celebrated visit to England—where, at Deptford, he worked hard as a shipwright by day, and at night drank brandy with his boon companions; occasionally amusing himself by trying to drive a wheelbarrow through John Evelyn's famous holly hedge, and by similar frolics—but remained in charge of the capital and of the recent conquests in the Crimea. Both at Azov and Taganrog Gordon superintended the construction of

works of defence on a large scale. In 1698, it fell to his lot to render the Czar a most important service by crushing the mutiny of the Strelitzes. Of this remarkable episode in Russian history, our chief knowledge is derived from Gordon's Diary.

The trouble began in the early days of spring. On April 3, a large body of discontented Strelitzes presented themselves at the house of their Boyar, Prince Iwan Borissowitsch Trojekurow, and demanded redress for certain alleged grievances. Four of their number were admitted to the Prince's presence; and they declared that the Strelitzes could not march by the selected route, owing to the badness of the roads, and they asked for delay, inasmuch as they had undergone great privations in the late campaign, and were still feeling the ill effects. The Boyar replied by ordering them to do their duty, and to set out immediately under the command of their officers. When they point-blank refused, he caused them to be arrested and conveyed to prison, but their comrades overpowered the guards and set them at liberty—a mutinous act which necessarily alarmed the authorities. The Generalissimo, Prince Romodanowski, sent in hot haste for Gordon, who, when all the particulars were set before him, thought they pointed only to the insubordination of a limited number, and that it would be unwise to excite the temper of the whole body by treating the escapade seriously. He repaired, however, to the camp of the Strelitzes at Butirki to be prepared for what might happen; and finding the soldiers all in their

quarters, and no signs of disorder anywhere, he lay down to rest.

The night passed peacefully; and at early dawn Gordon sent messengers to Moscow to hear how things were going. All was quiet, and he then rode off to Generals Romodanowski and Sussenowitsch, who had been attending a meeting of the Council of State. Rumours of impending disaster were afloat, and the chiefs and their suites were agreed that the Strelitzes meditated mutiny. Gordon remained cool and collected. "Many persons," he writes, "who are inclined by nature to anticipate dangers, have, in such cases, yet another object—they magnify the circumstances in order that their own zeal and services may appear the more signal in quelling them, and that they may thus extract merit and consideration from them." In the course of the day he returned to Butirki, where the influence of his firm and resolute temper subdued every symptom of disobedience. He dispatched some companies of a regiment on which he could rely to hasten the departure of the Strelitzes; they attempted no resistance, delivered up the ringleaders of the outbreak, and at midnight marched off in good order.

The probability is that the Strelitzes had not then completed their preparations. At all events, in two months the storm broke.

It was on June 8 that intelligence reached Gordon that trouble was brewing among four Strelitz regiments stationed at a place called Toronetz. An equerry was immediately sent to

inquire into the condition of affairs; and hearing from him that something was wrong, he took with him some picked troops, and hurried off for Toronetz. One hundred and forty Strelitzes were arrested and sent into the Ukraine; and he gave orders that all the regiments at Toronetz should be distributed among various stations. These summary measures were necessarily distasteful to those whom they affected; and after holding several secret conferences, the Strelitzes resolved to disobey orders, to refuse to march to the quarters assigned, and march straight upon Moscow, insisting that their officers should lead them thither. They refused, and were at once deposed. In their places four men were chosen in each regiment to act as a council of command and direct the march.

With five guns and two thousand picked men, Gordon set out in pursuit, and on the 27th arrived at Tschernerva. Learning from a Boyar's servant that the Strelitzes were marching with all speed to reach the convent of Wortressensk that night, he made forced marches to get there before them, and galloped in with such horsemen as he could muster in advance of his main body. "Two versts from the convent," he writes, "the scouts brought to me four Strelitzes, who said that they were sent, one from each regiment, to take a petition to the Boyar. Reading it, I found in it nothing but a catalogue of their services, with exaggeration of their grievances, and a prayer for leave to come to Moscow to visit their homes, wives, and children, as well as a petition for their necessities. I sent

them on to the Generalissimo; and having learned from these deputies that the Strelitzes were still fifteen versts off, and could not reach the convent that night, I gave orders to mark off a camp near the convent as the most convenient place. I arrived at the place fixed upon about sunset, and immediately received information from my scouts that the Strelitzes had reached the river Swednje, and were crossing at a shallow ford. Hearing this, I hastened thither with my horsemen. I spoke to them in a calm tone, and advised them to return across the river, and encamp on the other side. Not heeding this, they turned into a lane, and remained stationed on a meadow beside the river, outside the village. I returned as quickly as possible to bring up our infantry. I made the first two regiments march through the village and take post in the best positions, while the other two stationed in the fields by the Moscow road. I then rode down to the Strelitzes and had a conversation with them; but I found them very refractory in all that we required."

Gordon continues—

"After a mutual promise that no movement should take place that night, they returned to their camp, leaving a strong guard in the lane. I made a battalion keep guard not far from them, and stationed another near for relief. I then went to the other regiments, and ordered strong guards and detachments in various places in sight of their camp, to observe them. Having reconnoitred their camp at a little distance, and found no stirring

among them, and having also visited our own guards, I went back to the camp at the time of *réveille*, which I did not allow to be beat, and rested an hour. After which I went to the Generalissimo, and consulted him with what was to be done. After mature deliberation, it was resolved that I should repair to their camp and intimate certain conditions." These have no interest for us now-a-days; but they were so moderate as to show with what leniency the authorities were disposed to have treated their pampered and arrogant troops. But the conditions were rejected with contumely, and the mutineers declared they would go to Moscow, if only for eight days, or even three. Gordon sternly told them they would not be allowed. They affirmed that they would carry out their project or perish. A couple of veterans took up the parable, and began to dilate on the privations they had suffered; half-a-dozen others talked in a similar strain, evidently bent on inflaming their comrades' minds. In vain Gordon advised that each regiment should deliberate apart. In vain he urged them to consider what they were refusing, and what must be the consequences of their disobedience. They would not listen to him further, and protested there were no differences of opinion among them; they were all of one mind. With gloomy brows and angry looks they drew together when Gordon informed them of his intention to withdraw and give them an interval for their final answer; adding, that if they rejected his Majesty's gracious offers, they need not expect

them to be repeated when once he was compelled to use force to bring them into obedience. The menace fell upon deaf ears.

The General rode out of their camp, and halting at some distance beyond, waited in grim silence for some fifteen minutes; after which he sent for their answer. As they persisted in their contumacy, he took his departure with much regret. Strong measures could no longer be avoided. To have given way to the Strelitzes would have been ruinous; would have placed in their hands, indeed, the mastery of the empire. Accordingly, after reconnoitring their position, and holding formal consultation with the Generalissimo, Gordon drew out his forces, and proceeded to close round the insurgents with a belt of iron—horse, foot, and artillery. To the last anxious to avoid bloodshed, he sent an officer to demand their submission; but they rejected every proposal, and boasted that they were as ready for the defence as Gordon was for the attack. A round of cannon-shot was then fired over their heads—an act of humanity which they understood as a confession of weakness—Gordon having posted his forces so skilfully that their superiority was concealed. At all events, with much waving of banners and throwing up of caps, the Strelitzes resumed their march. Then in upon the unhappy men crashed the fire of five-and-twenty great guns, creating many a gap in their close ranks, and scattering wounds amongst them. A panic seized them; and to escape the

deadly shot, or in a sudden dismay, they made a rush to escape by a lateral lane, which Gordon, unknown to them, had already occupied with a strong body of foot. Foiled, beaten, broken, they drew back upon their camp, a few seeking shelter in the barns and outhouses of the neighbouring village. Their defeat was complete. In an hour all was over. They had lost twenty-two killed, and about forty wounded, most of them mortally. Throwing down their arms, they surrendered, with a facility which inclines one to think that their previous reputation for bravery must have been exaggerated greatly.

On June 19, Gordon writes—"Information having been got as to a few of the ringleaders, from some who thought to gain favour for themselves, several influential individuals were called up and examined. One of the regiments was then mustered. The greater part of the influential men and others being examined, it was frankly confessed that some had been the ringleaders and guilty rebels. Those that were found good we put on the one side, and the bad on the other. In the afternoon, another regiment was proceeded with in the same way.

"June 21.—We mustered another regiment of the Strelitzes, and examined various individuals, putting them to the torture; whereon they confessed the wicked designs they had meant to carry out when they got to Moscow. . . .

"June 22.—Twenty-four individuals were found guilty, on their own confession, of the most shock-

ing crimes, and of having designed, when they got to Moscow, to massacre certain Boyars, and to extort an increase of pay, and a new regulation of their services. On these we pronounced sentence of death, to consist in beheading. They were confined apart, and directed to confess, receive the Eucharist, and prepare for death."

On the 23rd the poor wretches were executed. For some time afterwards, entries occur in Gordon's Diary which show with what tremendous severity the Strelitzes were punished for their misdeeds. It leaves a stain upon Gordon's career, for the torture was freely applied, at his order; hundreds were knouted; in some companies decimation was adopted; while on one occasion no fewer than seventy men were hanged "by fives and threes" on the same gallows. The General remarks that, with few exceptions, the men met their death bravely. On July 4 he presents a ghastly statement to the effect that one hundred and thirty had been executed; that about seventy had been killed in the engagement, or had died of their wounds; and that one thousand eight hundred and forty-five had been banished to various convents and prisons. The number of those knouted or tortured he does not record.

The news of the formidable mutiny of the Strelitzes reached the Czar at Vienna, towards the end of July, and hastened his return home. It is needless to add that he approved of Gordon's action, and perpetrated some more cruelties on his own account.

This was the last great service which Gordon rendered to the Czar. His health began to decline, and, after a severe and protracted illness, he died on December 29, 1699, greatly lamented by his Imperial master. His remains were deposited in a vault in front of the high altar of the Roman Catholic Church at Moscow. At the time of his death he was in his sixty-fifth year.

CHAPTER IX

THE FOUNDER OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND

"WILLIAM PATERSON, of Dumfriesshire," says one of his biographers, "was by profession a merchant, who in early life attained the highest success, in the midst of which he became the victim of a great reverse. But the difficulties to which he was long exposed, after being deservedly the object of almost national homage, have been even magnified through the strange indifference of posterity to his eminent qualities. Of his two chief works, the Bank of England and the plan of the Darien Colony, the former has proved a model of usefulness, whilst the latter was the grandest of conceptions, the failure of which is in no wise attributable to him. Other noble designs of his, developed with remarkable ability and most industrious zeal for the good of the three kingdoms, in their financial and commercial relations abroad as well as at home, even surpass these two objects in importance."

This is the man whom Lord Macaulay describes as having been gifted by nature with fertile invention, an ardent temperament, and great powers

of persuasion, and to have acquired somewhere in the course of his vagrant life a perfect knowledge of accounts.

This is the great financier of whom Hill Burton says—"His memory has been revived and cherished in the present day as the prophet of the blessings of free trade, and the announcer of a currency system identical in its fundamental principles with that adopted in recent times after experience and inquiry. He was a man of quiet, retired life. He had travelled and seen much of the world, but it was as an observant tradesman, not as a courtier or ruffler. His pride was to call himself 'merchant in London,' to circulate among his fellow-traders his views on commerce and finance, and to work practically in some of their adventures. He was a man of serious walk and conversation after the Presbyterian fashion."

Of a man of genius of this kind, a brief memoir will probably be acceptable. Both England and Scotland are interested in him, both England and Scotland benefited by his schemes; but it cannot be said that either England or Scotland showed him gratitude.

William Paterson was born in April 1658, in the house of Skipmyre, in the parish of Tinivald, Dumfriesshire. His father's family came of a respectable stock, which in his own time was represented among the leading Scotch Episcopalians and partisans of the House of Stuart; as, for example, his paternal kinsman, the last Archbishop of Glasgow, and another, Sir Hugh Paterson, who

was attainted for his share in the Jacobite insurrection of 1715.

Of his early years we know but little, and that little is dubious; but it is evident from his writings that he must have received a solid, if not a very extensive, education, and made excellent use of it. Either an adventurous temper, or the *res angustæ domi*, drove him from the "parental roof" when he was only in his seventeenth year; and we find him at Bristol in 1675, sheltered by one of his mother's relatives. At her decease he came in for a legacy, which enabled him to gratify his longing to see the world. After a visit to Holland, he crossed the seas to America; where he remained for several years, busy with plans and projects of every kind, and already dreaming of the colonization of Darien. His adventures at this period are, however, mere matter of conjecture; and the obscurity that rested upon them emboldened his enemies in after years to accuse him of having been a buccaneer. From a letter written in 1699, it would appear that he at one time held business relations with the colony of New England; but where or how it is impossible to ascertain. His first wife, however, was the widow of Mr. Bridge, the Covenanting minister of that colony. In Paterson's native county long lingered a tradition that he took part in the prohibited services of the Covenanters, but failed as a preacher; and it is certain that in the satires of the versifiers hired by the English Government to traduce him, he is ridiculed as "predicant Paterson." In various names we may

Removing the treasure from the Spanish Galleon.

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conclude that he was at one time settled at New Providence (in the Bahamas). At another, he was making himself acquainted with nautical affairs—I suppose on board ship; while he seems also to have taken part in Sir William Phipps's successful venture, when he removed treasure to the amount of £300,000 from a Spanish galleon wrecked near New Providence.

But whatever may have been the true nature of his various avocations before 1685, we then come upon solid ground; for in that year he conceived his great idea of a grand colony in Central America, independent of Spain, and based on the principles of religious freedom, and the abolition of commercial monopolies. This became the main object of his life, though many years passed before he could attempt its realization. For when, on his return to England, he submitted it to James II., who was not wanting in political sagacity, and regarded it with favour, the troubles in which that monarch became involved compelled him to dismiss it; and afterwards, when the Elector of Brandenburg was inclined to introduce it, he was prevented by the national jealousy of a foreign adventurer.

For a time, therefore, Paterson laid it aside, and turned his attention to financial affairs. He settled in London as a merchant, was made a member of the Merchant Taylors' Company, and appears to have gained the confidence of his fellow-traders by his energy and intelligence. Much of his business lay with the Dutch merchants, and he was well known on the quays and in the coffee-houses of

Amsterdam. Enterprising as ever, he took up a scheme for the better supply of North London with water from reservoirs to be constructed south of the Highgate and Hampstead Hills, in which he was assisted by Sir John Trenchard (1690). By this time he had made himself such a position that he was summoned as an important witness before the Parliamentary Committee appointed to inquire into the economic condition of the country, and in his evidence advocated certain measures for its improvement, in which may be traced the adumbration of his scheme for a Bank of England.

At that time two public Banks were established in Europe; one, the Genoese Bank of St. George, which was completing its third century; the other, the Bank of Amsterdam, which had an eighty years' record. Why, it had been asked, should there not be a Bank of London as prosperous and as permanent? Even in Charles II.'s reign the question had been answered by several pamphleteers, but never in a practical form. A speculative Land Bank was proposed by Briscoe and Chamberlayne. But now came our Dumfriesshire adventurer with what was really a well-considered plan for a Bank of England —a plan which stood the test of the sharpest criticism. In Friday Street, at the Wednesday Clubs which then met there, it was discussed by merchants and financiers with growing favour; and at length was approved and adopted by Charles Montague (afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer), an influential politician, and Richard Godfrey, one of the ablest, wealthiest, and most respected of

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London's merchant princes. The former undertook to manage the House of Commons, and the latter the City. Both were successful. "An approving vote," says the historian, "was obtained from the Committee of Ways and Means; and a bill, the title of which gave rise to many sarcasms, was laid on the table. It was indeed not easy to guess that a bill, which purported only to impose a new duty on tonnage for the benefit of such persons as should advance money towards carrying on the war, was really a bill creating the greatest commercial institution the world had ever seen."

Paterson's proposition was that the Government should borrow £1,200,000 at what was then considered the moderate interest of eight per cent. In order to induce capitalists to come forward with their moneys, the subscribers were to be incorporated by the name and title of "The Governor and Company of the Bank of England." But no exclusive privileges were to be granted; and they were prohibited from trading in anything but "bills of exchange, bullion, and projected pledges." And in order that "the power of the purse" might not be transferred from the House of Commons to the new corporation, they were forbidden to advance money to the Crown without authority from Parliament, under penalty of forfeiting three times the amount of money so advanced, while provision was made that the Crown should have no power to remit any portion of the penalty.

There was much vehement discussion in Parliament and the coffee-houses; but eventually the

bill passed through both Houses, and received the royal assent.

Such were the beginnings of the Bank of England. It sprang from the fertile and ingenious brain of the financier whom Lord Macaulay sourly and erroneously stigmatizes as an obscure Scotch adventurer. Paterson was one of the first directors of the New Bank, upon a qualification of £2000 stock, which, however, he sold out before the end of 1695, at the same time retiring from the Board. I have met with the assertion that wealthier men than Paterson took dishonourable advantage of his financial capacity in establishing the institution, and then defrauded him of his just reward. But I fail to discover any justification for it. Montague and Godfrey undertook those services which it was impossible for Paterson to have undertaken, because he did not possess sufficient commercial or political influence. Nor can I discover any justification for the statement that he was expelled from the directorate. What really happened was this. With characteristic activity he proposed to form what was practically another joint-stock company for the purpose of consolidating the perpetual fund of interest payable to "the orphans and other creditors of the city of London." Such an operation his co-directors considered to lie outside the proper work of the Bank of England, and when Paterson found himself out-voted, he immediately resigned. The "perfervidum ingenium" of the restless Scot could not tolerate opposition. Perhaps he might have been more successful if he had had the support

of his friend Godfrey; but the latter had been killed in the trenches at Marlborough's siege of Namur. It is needless to say more on this subject than that Paterson contrived to float his new scheme by his own credit, and that it proved moderately successful.

About this time our persevering projector—this hard-headed, warm-tempered, sanguine-spirited Scotchman—seems to have thought that the opportunity had come for realizing his life-long dream of a Central American Colony, and initiating the world into the advantages of Free Trade. The capitalists shut out from the rich field of operations monopolized by the East India Company—the free-traders or "interlopers" of those days—would eagerly welcome the opening of a new channel of commercial adventure. The good-will of the King might be relied upon. The success of the Bank of England would facilitate the raising of the necessary funds. And a novel character would be given to the latest project because it would be centralized in Scotland, the commercial interests of which had, it was generally admitted, been too much and too long neglected. It was in those circumstances that Paterson brought forward the scheme for establishing "The Company of Scotland trading to Africa and the Indies"—the African Company, as it was afterwards called—which received the sanction of the Scottish Parliament on June 26, 1695. This Act conferred on the Company the fullest trading powers, and other powers of a more extraordinary character. As, for instance, they were

authorized to equip vessels of war, either in Scotland or in any other country not at war with the British Crown; to make settlements, and build cities, harbours, and fortifications, in any uninhabited place in Asia, Africa, or America, or wherever they obtained the consent of the natives, or were not met by the claims of any European Power; to resist when attacked, and make reprisals; and to form alliances with parties holding sovereign rights in the three quarters of the globe already specified. Further, this Company established as a protest against monopolies, became a monopoly itself, for all other Scotsmen were prohibited from trading within its jurisdiction without licence from it, and the Company were empowered to seize on all such trespassers, "by force of arms and at their own hand," a favour which they afterwards used in a manner dangerous to the vital interests of the empire.

It was arranged that half the capital should be raised in England, and half in Scotland. It was speedily subscribed, and then the English Companies awoke to the fact that a new and formidable competitor had sprung into existence, and began a vigorous campaign against it, appealing for support to the national jealousy. The House of Commons was quickly roused to take measures to crush the audacious project. The Lords were not slow to co-operate, and both Houses having met in conference, they united in an address to the Crown against the Scots Company. The agitation led to the withdrawal of the English capitalists; but the

national spirit of Scotland then came to the front, and poor as was the northern kingdom in the last years of the seventeenth century, it contrived to furnish the necessary funds, though when the Company got into difficulties, the latter instalments of the subscriptions were not forthcoming, and the whole sum actually paid in reached only £219,094 8*s.* 7½*d.*

Impelled by Paterson's enthusiasm, the new Company set to work with patriotic energy. They engaged in plans for extending the Scots fishery to Greenland and Archangel; for the development of home manufactures; for opening up commercial relations with the Gold Coast and Negro Coast of Africa; and the establishment of colonies and factories. In the last category it took up Paterson's project for a Scots colony on the Isthmus of Panama, on the narrow neck of land which separated the two great oceans, the Atlantic and the Pacific, and seemed designed by nature to command the commerce of the world. "There would naturally be concentrated the mutual trade of the two coasts of America. Much more, it would be a stage in the shortest means of communication from Europe to China and Japan, and the unknown regions of the Eastern seas. In later times it has been prophesied that the Panama railway shall open a new track to New Zealand and the Australian colonies [and the present generation has seen a noble attempt to cut the isthmus by a navigable canal.] The availabilities of Darien, which inspired the ardour of the Scots

London merchant a hundred and eighty years ago, are still a deeply interesting problem—unsolved.

Paterson's idea was that of a free port—as open to ships of all nations as London is to-day; so that the merchandise of the whole world was to be drawn to that favoured centre, and accumulated there without restriction or distinction. It was a grand, a noble idea; but everything was against its successful realization. The spot chosen for carrying it out was apparently most favourable; but in reality it was surrounded by difficulties and dangers. It was in the midst of the Spanish settlements—Panama, Portobello, Carthagena—and thus drew down upon the Company the vindictive jealousy of Spain. It was deficient in natural resources, and offered no means of sustenance to a young colony; and it was cursed with a climate which apparently concentrates all the pestilential elements of Tropical America. Then, Paterson's vivid imagination was unaccompanied by the faculty of organization; so that the expedition was sent forth without any proper provision having been made for the government of the new colony and the preservation of order. And as he had no personal knowledge of the isthmus, no precautions were taken against pestilence or famine. The truth is, the disastrous failure of the expedition was due, not to external causes—not to the jealousy of England and Spain—but to the incapacity of its leaders and the want of suitable equipment.

The Company purchased three Dutch ships, which were fitted up as vessels of war, and with

six thousand two hundred picked men on board, sailed from Leith, amid the cheers of an excited multitude, whose bosoms throbbed with patriotic pride, on July 26, 1698. On November 4 they landed on a rocky peninsula in the Gulf of Darien, which seemed to offer great capabilities of defence. Their first business was to build a strong fort, so as to command the Gulf. Then they marked out on the mainland, where the commercial colony of New Caledonia was to spread indefinitely, two sites for towns, to be called respectively New Edinburgh and New St. Andrews. So far all was well, but troubles soon arose. Some gentlemen had been appointed to act as the council and governors of the new State; but they were not backed by any substantial power, and possessed no means of enforcing their authority. The colony, therefore, was practically without any head, and the wilder and more daring spirits acted with absolute independence. A quarrel with the Spaniards added to the pervading embarrassments. Then the expected supplies from Scotland did not arrive; and no provisions could be obtained in exchange for their merchandise, because much of it was damaged, and for the rest there was no market. Disease and privation began their fell work among them. In the spring of '99 the survivors, perceiving no hope of relief, came to a resolution to abandon the settlement, and embarking on board their three vessels, set sail for the first port Providence should send them to. Two of the ships reached New York in August, having each

lost above a hundred men on the voyage; the third, not less unfortunate, arrived at Jamaica. Whether many of the miserable adventurers ever found their way back to Scotland may well be doubted.

Meanwhile, the directors at home, filled with a blissful sanguineness, had fitted out a second expedition, though in much too dilatory a fashion. Two ships sailed in May, and four others early in August, and all were well found with provisions and stores. A third expedition, consisting of one thousand three hundred men, was dispatched in September, just before the earliest rumours reached the directors of the disaster that had befallen the first. These rumours attributed the abandonment of the settlement to fear of the Spaniards; and in a mood of patriotic indignation the Company equipped a fourth or auxiliary expedition, which they placed under a veteran soldier, Campbell of Finab, and dispatched with belligerent instructions. Neither of these expeditions retrieved the situation, and the melancholy issue was the capitulation of Campbell and his companions to the Spanish governor of Carthagena, who had blockaded the colony with five men-of-war (March 18, 1700). And thus Paterson's great conception of a free port and an independent Scottish colony in the isthmus between the two oceans, faded away into the oblivion of failure.

Paterson accompanied the first expedition—not, however, in his proper position as leader, owing to some pecuniary difficulties which had arisen between him and the Company, but as a voluntary and uncommissioned settler. He was one of the

survivors who reached New York; and after suffering so severely from distempers and troubles of mind, that for some time his life was despaired of, he sailed for Scotland on October 12, and arrived at Edinburgh on December 5, 1699. He had gone out to his Land of Promise accompanied by his wife and only child, a son; he returned, wifeless and childless. He had gone out with his hopes in full blossom; he returned with his hands full of dead leaves.

No private affliction, however, and not even the failure of his life's great aim and purpose, could break down the spirit of this indomitable man. He did his best to allay the national enmities that had been excited by the untoward fortunes of the Darien Company; nor were his services in this direction unacknowledged or unrewarded by the Government. The Duke of Queensberry, the royal commissioner in Scotland, writing on August 31, 1700, says—"The poor man acts with great diligence and affection to the King and country. He has no bye-end, and loves this Government both in Church and State. He knows nothing yet of my having obtained anything for him; and I am a little embarrassed how to give him what I am allowed for him, lest his party in that [the Darien] Company should conceive any unjust jealousy of him, or he himself think that I intend as a bribe that which is really an act of charity."

His active intellect soon found new fields of exercise. He published *Proposals of a Council of*

Trade, with the view of promoting the development of the national resources. He conceived the idea of a Sinking Fund; and warmly advocated the legislative union of England and Scotland. Removing to London, he was admitted to the confidence of William III., and held more than one conference with the King—of which he has left an interesting record, illustrative both of our Scottish adventurer's intellectual alertness, and William's readiness to listen to suggestions even from an uncourtly adviser.

"In the last months of the life of this great, but then uneasy prince," he says, "I had access to him, when, finding him in much perplexity and concern about the state of his affairs, I took opportunity to represent that his misfortunes did not so much proceed from the variable tempers or humours of his people, as some pretended, but rather from the men of his house, or those he had trusted with his business, who, either for want of capacity or experience, or that they preferred themselves to him, had brought the affairs of the kingdom into such confusion as made his subjects uneasy; and now, at last, instead of removing the causes of complaint, they had presumed to employ his treasure and authority to silence the complainers; that as matters stood there were no reins of government, no inspection, no inquiry into men's conduct—every man did as he pleased, for nobody was punished nor indeed rewarded according to merit; and thus his revenue was sunk, and his affairs in the utmost confusion."

[I find it difficult to believe that Paterson addressed the King in such exceedingly frank language as he here reports. He wrote his narrative in 1709, and probably by that time had forgotten the exact terms he used, putting down what he thought he *had* said not less than what he actually *did* say.]

"He owned this," continues Paterson, "but asked for remedies; upon which I proposed that, in the first place, he should put the management of the revenues on the right footing, without which all other remedies would prove ineffectual. The first step towards reforming the revenue was that of restoring the public credit, by making provision of interest for all the national debts, and taking care for the time to come such should be granted as to prevent further deficiency. . . .

"The next thing I proposed was an attempt upon the principal parts of the West Indies, by which he might be enabled not only to carry on the war at the expense of the enemy, but open a secure and direct trade for ever between those rich and vast continents of Mexico and Peru, and this kingdom. I added that to secure the Spanish monarchy from France, the true way was to begin with the West Indies, since it was more practicable to make Spain and other dominions in Europe follow the fate of the West Indies, than to make the West Indies, if once in the power of France, follow the fate of Spain. Besides, France would thereby be enabled to carry on the war by the bullion and other wealth of the West Indies.

"The third thing I proposed was our union with Scotland, than which, I convinced him, nothing would tend more to his glory, and to render this island great.

"The fourth thing . . was a present commission of inquiry, by which he would see by whom his affairs had been mismanaged, and who they were who, under pretence of mending matters, perplexed and made them still worse: in particular he would be at a point how far the present debts had arisen from mismanagement, or from deficiency of funds."

The good sense of these proposals was readily recognized by William's sagacious mind. But Paterson's ill luck followed him on this as on every other occasion. King William died; and though Queen Anne's ministers took up the chief points of his policy, they neglected to reward the man who had helped to shape it. Paterson, however, was employed by them to conduct the financial arrangements involved in the Act of Union.

From 1703 until his death in 1719, Paterson resided in Queen Square, Westminster. For some years he lived in comparative poverty, for though Parliament admitted his claim to be indemnified for the losses he had sustained in the public service, estimating them at £18,241, he received never a penny until after the accession of George I. As late as 1711, one reads in Dryasdust Boyce's *Political States*, a complaint "that this great politician, the chief projector of the Bank of

England, the main support of the Government, should be so disregarded that even the sums due to him are not paid. He was very instrumental," it is added, "in bringing about the Union, when he was the person chiefly employed in settling the national accounts." However, this period of adversity came to an end in or about July 1715; so that Paterson's last years were spent in comfort. He died on January 22, 1719.

CHAPTER X

JOHN LAW

In the city of Edinburgh, eleven years after the restoration of the Stuarts, a son was born to an opulent goldsmith and banker, named John Law, to inherit his name and wealth. This well-to-do citizen came of an old Fifeshire family, which justified him, when he had amassed sufficient means, in purchasing an estate, and taking his place among the territorial gentry as Law of Lauriston—Lauriston lying on the shore of the Forth, on the borders of West and Mid Lothian. But he did not abandon his trade, nor did he wish his son to grow above it; and John Law the younger, at the age of fourteen, entered his father's counting-house, where, being gifted with an extraordinary aptitude for figures, he quickly mastered the principles of the current monetary system. For three years he was all that a Scotch father, in Law of Lauriston's place, could have wished him to be; but at the age of seventeen he began to display tendencies of quite another sort. Tall and well-made, he loved to attire himself in becoming clothes. He sought the gaieties of society, and the ladies smiling upon the

dashing youth, who was heir, be it remembered, to a good property, he became quite a personage in Edinburgh society, his admirers styling him "Beau Law," and his detractors sneering at him as "Jessamy Law." The death of his father, which happened at this time (1688), left him at liberty to follow his own devices, and abandoning the counting-house, he started off for London, bent upon "seeing life" and widening his knowledge of the world.

Money, youth, health, good looks, and a large stock of self-confidence—with such an equipment Law soon made his way in certain circles. In London, as in Edinburgh, ladies of rank looked graciously upon the handsome young Scot; and in the most select drawing-rooms of Mayfair he was a welcome visitor. Unfortunately he contracted a love of play. At first his ventures at the gaming-table were crowned with success. He pursued a definite system which he had founded upon an ingenious calculation of chances, and his fellow-players, astonished by his luck, imitated his play and staked their money on the same chances. But the gamester's fate in due time overtook him. His system broke down. He met with heavy losses, and, endeavouring to retrieve them by bolder ventures, met with losses heavier still. Finally, after a nine years' headlong career, he found himself burdened with debt to an extent which compelled him to mortgage his paternal estate. This was not all. An affair of gallantry with Miss Villiers (afterwards Countess of Orkney) involved him in a

quarrel with a Mr. Wilson. In those days the usual result of a quarrel was a duel; and Law had the misfortune to shoot his antagonist dead on the spot. He was arrested, tried on a charge of murder, and sentenced to death, but the sentence was commuted to a fine on the ground that the offence was only manslaughter. An appeal being lodged by the dead man's brother, Law was detained in the King's Bench, but by some effort of dexterity effected his escape, got down to Dover, and crossed the Channel.

He was now twenty-six. For three years he travelled the Continent, and, his early taste for figures reviving, examined with much curiosity the financial and banking systems of the countries through which he passed. About 1700 he seems to have returned to Edinburgh, where he published a small pamphlet entitled *Proposals and Reasons for Constituting a Council of Trade.* It did not attract the attention it deserved; but, nothing daunted, the ingenious speculator launched a project for establishing a Land Bank (or, as the small wits of the day called it, a Sand Bank), the notes issued by which were to exceed the entire landed property of the State, at ordinary interest, or were to equal the value of the land, with the right to take possession at a certain time. This project excited a good deal of discussion, even within the walls of the Parliament House; but, in spite of the strenuous efforts of its supporters, it was rejected by the majority, who passed a resolution hostile to all kinds of paper credit.

Finding his own country disinclined to honour him as a prophet, and disappointed in his efforts to procure a pardon for the homicide of Mr. Wilson, Law returned to the Continent, and to his old habits of gambling. For fourteen years he passed from one gaming-house to another in the chief Continental countries, making huge sums of money by his skilful combinations and wonderful insight into the doctrine of chances. He acquired such a reputation in this way that the magistrates of Vienna, and afterwards those of Genoa, expelled him from their cities as too dangerous an example for young men. In Paris he contrived to make the acquaintance and secure the friendship of the Duke of Orléans, the Duke of Vendôme, and the Prince de Conti, who were fascinated by his address, his daring, his knowledge of men and manners, his vivacity, and the shrewdness that underlay it; but having offended D'Argenson, the lieutenant-general of the police, he was compelled to absent himself for a time from the capital. It was probably before this event that the restless adventurer had submitted a scheme of finance to the Comptroller, Desmarets. When it was laid before Louis XIV., who was then in the fanaticism of his dotage, he inquired whether the author of it was a Romanist, and being answered in the negative, refused to look at calculations which must therefore be heretical.

The untiring speculator then proposed his favourite panacea of a Land Bank to Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, who sagasiously replied that his territories were all too narrow for so vast a

project, and that he himself was too poor to enjoy the luxury of being ruined. He recommended him, however, to make another appeal to the King of France, sarcastically observing that, from what he knew of the character of the French, they would be delighted with a plan so full of glitter and promise.

On the death of Louis XIV. in 1715, Law's opportunity came at last. The Duke of Orléans became Regent, and the Duke was Law's friend. The tenacious Scot returned to Paris, and pressed his schemes with unflagging persistency. The Regent listened with no reluctant ear. France was reduced almost to bankruptcy by years of extravagant misgovernment, and he was really anxious to accomplish something for her relief, if it could be done without entailing upon himself any sacrifice of his ease or his pleasures. Well, here was this Scotchman at his elbow—a *Deus ex machinâ!* And there was a gallant assurance about him—an airy self-confidence—a conviction of success which captivated everybody, supplemented as it was by his fluency of speech, his address, his command of figures, his buoyant plausibility. To tell the truth, there was nothing very dangerous about the financial principles he laid down—England and Holland had long acted upon them. That no country could carry on extensive commercial transactions unless its metallic currency was assisted by a paper currency was an obvious truth. That the national credit should be maintained at all costs was a truth no less obvious. What was

original in Law's exposition was his project of a public bank, which should control the administration of the royal revenues; and upon these, and upon landed security, should issue notes. He proposed that this bank should be managed, in the King's name, by a certain number of commissioners, to be named by the States-General.

Meanwhile, Monsieur Lass—as the French, to avoid the *w*, called him—had risen into great popularity, and was accepted by all classes as a possible financial saviour. It was with something like a burst of enthusiasm, therefore, that the nation welcomed the royal edict of May 5, 1716, which authorized Law (and his brother) to establish a bank under the name of Law and Company, the notes of which should be received in payment of the taxes. The capital was fixed at six millions of livres, in 12,000 shares of five hundred livres each, purchasable one-fourth in specie, and the remainder in *billets d'état*, or State notes. Thus, Law's perseverance was at last crowned with success, and the idea realized which had haunted his mind through years of adventure and wandering. It was only right that Fortune should do as much as this for a man who had wooed her with such infinite courage and unfailing energy; but the capricious goddess was prepared to do more, and more, before she again turned her wheel downward.

In the administration of his bank Law displayed unquestionable financial ability. He made all his notes payable at sight, and in the coin current at the time they were issued—a provision which gave

them even a higher value than the precious metals, since these were being continually tampered with by the Government, whereas Law's notes underwent no abatement. The public confidence was increased by his frank declaration that a banker deserved death if he did not retain sufficient securities to meet every demand. In less than a year his notes reached a premium of 15 per cent. The effect upon the trade and commerce of the country was extraordinary. Every branch of industrial enterprise received a new stimulus through the recovery of the national credit and the increased supply of capital. Greater confidence was felt by all classes; and France enjoyed a prosperity to which she had long been a stranger.

Unfortunately this rushing tide of success proved too much for the prudence both of Law and his royal patron. The Regent, astonished at the immense beneficial effects of a paper currency when used to supplement a metallic currency, was led to suppose that the latter might entirely be superseded by the former; while Law conceived the project by which he is so disadvantageously remembered—though it was not so entirely a chimæra as is sometimes represented—the great Mississippi Scheme.

Law obtained from the Regent permission to establish a Company with the exclusive right of trading to the Mississippi and the province of Louisiana, which is on its western bank. The knowledge which then prevailed of that part of North America was exceedingly vague and imperfect; it was supposed to be a Tom Tiddler's

Ground of gold and silver, which would pour without stint into the coffers of the Company; and thus enriched, the new corporation was to farm the taxes and supply all the coinage of the country. Letters patent incorporating the Company were issued in August 1717. The capital was divided into two hundred thousand shares of 500 livres each, the whole of which might be paid in *billets d'état* at their nominal value, though this was a great deal more than they realized in the market.

From this time Law, the Regent, and the nation seem to have been seized with a fever of speculation. Fresh privileges were heaped upon Law's bank, which was finally erected into the Royal Bank of France. Departing from Law's maxim as to the guilt of issuing notes for which no funds were provided, the Regent caused notes to the amount of one thousand millions of livres to be thrown upon the country. To this disastrous course Law seems to have assented; or if he protested at first, he offered no opposition to later issues of the same chimerical character. For awhile his brain was dizzied by his success, and he failed to see the certain ruin he was bringing upon himself by this violation of every sound principle of finance. Meantime the Regent, and his Chancellor d'Argenson, proceeded at headlong speed in a course which meant national bankruptcy as its goal. The Parliament protested, but the Regent overruled its protests, passed statutes which the Regent cancelled by his authority; and at last in its despair smiled grimly when some of its members, who traced every evil

to Law's example and influence, suggested that he ought to be gibbeted at the gates of the Palais de Justice. Law, alarmed at the violent menace, sought the protection of the Regent, who silenced his refractory Parliament by imprisoning the President and two of the most prominent councillors.

Our Scottish adventurer then turned to his favourite Mississippi scheme. Early in 1719 he obtained a fresh concession—the exclusive privilege of trading to the East Indies, China, the South Seas, and all the possssions of the French East India Company, founded by Colbert, and then re-christened his Company with the proud title of La Compagnie des Indes, besides creating fifty thousand new shares. That fervent imagination, which is ordinarily held in check by the reserve of the Scotch character, was now kindled in Law by the wide sweep of territory included within his scope of action; and prospects of boundless wealth rising upon his heated brain, he promised to every shareholder a profit of not less than one hundred and twenty per cent. upon his investment.

A delirium of speculation now seized upon France. This prospect of almost boundless wealth—of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice—had a charm for all classes and both sexes. There were at least three hundred thousand applicants for the fifty thousand shares; while the old shares were not less in demand, and were sold and re-sold at ever-increasing premiums. Some of the more eager petitioners took lodgings close to Law's house in the Rue de Quincampoix, that they might

pick up any grains of gold which fell from his fingers. The street was too narrow to hold the crowds that daily flocked towards it. A cobbler who rented there a small stall made two hundred livres a day by letting it out to speculators. To obtain greater accommodation, Law purchased the magnificent Hôtel de Soissons of the Prince de Carignan, and removed thither. The Prince reserved to himself the gardens; and an edict being published which forbade the sale or purchase of stock anywhere but in these gardens, they yielded him an enormous return. For the convenience of the brokers and their clients, five hundred small tents and pavilions were planted among the groves and parterres, and these were let at the rate of five hundred livres a month.

Few were the sane brains which escaped a touch of the prevalent madness. Two sober men of letters, M. de la Motte and the Abbé Terasson, congratulated each other on their immunity. A few days afterwards, La Motte ascended the grand staircase of the Hôtel de Soissons to purchase some Mississippi shares, and met the Abbé coming down from Law's rooms. "Ha!" said the Abbé, "is that you, La Motte?" "And can that be you, Abbé?" It was some weeks before they could look in each other's face and breathe the word "Mississippi."

To obtain admission to Law's presence was the object of more stratagems than an introduction at Court. What was a smile or a word from the Regent compared with the scrip of Mississippi stock? The crowd of applicants was so great that Law, with

all the good-will in the world, could see only a portion of them, and dukes and duchesses and marquises and marchionesses waited for hours in his antechamber on the chance of seeing him, or bribed his servants heavily to announce their names. A lady of rank, who had failed several days running in her efforts to see the fortune-making Scot, ordered her coachman to keep a strict watch when she was out driving, and if he saw Mr. Law coming to contrive to upset her. For three consecutive days, the lady and her coachman wandered about Paris watching for an opportunity. On the fourth it came. "Upset us now," she cried out to her coachman; "for Heaven's sake, upset us now!" With commendable dexterity he drove against a post, and turned his lady out on the *pavé* just as Law was passing. Of course Law hastened to offer his assistance, placed the lady in his own carriage, and drove to the Hôtel de Soissons, when she confessed her manœuvre, and was rewarded for her ingenuity and boldness with a quantity of the coveted shares.

The Regent, one day, was mentioning in the presence of his courtiers that he desired to nominate some lady of the rank of a duchess to attend upon his daughter at Modena, but added, that he hardly knew where to find one. "No!" said the Abbé Dubois; "well, then, I can tell your Highness where to find every duchess in France—in Mr. Law's antechamber."

M. de Chirac, a celebrated physician, having purchased stock under unfavourable conditions, was

anxious to sell out; and as it continued to fall for two or three days, his anxiety greatly increased, so that his mind was completely absorbed with the subject. Being called upon to attend a nervous lady patient, he murmured to himself, as he felt her pulse—"It falls! it falls! good Heavens, it does nothing but fall!" "Oh, Monsieur de Chirac!" said the lady, starting to her feet. "I am dying! I am dying! it falls! it falls! it falls!" "What falls?" exclaimed the amazed doctor. "My pulse! my pulse!" said the lady. "Do you not say so? Oh, I must be dying!" "Calm your fears, my dear madame," said M. de Chirac. "I was alluding to the stocks. The truth is, I am likely to be a great loser, and my mind is so disturbed that I hardly know what I am saying."

In the prosperity that prevailed while the inflation lasted, Law naturally shared. The highest nobility paid him the most respectful attentions; his daughter's hand was sought by the heirs of princely and ducal families. He purchased fine estates in different parts of France; and entered into a negotiation with the family of the Duke of Sully to purchase the marquisate of Rosny. As his religion was a bar to his advancement, the Regent promised to appoint him Comptroller-General of the finances, if he would make open profession of Romanism. Law on this point was less scrupulous than most Scotchmen are, and was confirmed by the Abbé de Tencin, in the cathedral of Melun, in the presence of an immense multitude. On the following day he was elected honorary church-

warden of the parish of St. Roch, and signalized the occasion by bestowing on the parish a gift of five hundred thousand livres. Such were the sums at the command of the *soi-disant* Edinburgh goldsmith!

Notwithstanding Law's rapid elevation, and the sense of power which, as the dispenser of wealth and influence, he must necessarily have felt, and the implicit confidence placed in his advice by the Regent, he preserved all his coolness of judgment and simplicity of manner. Towards ladies his behaviour was marked by a charming courtesy; his equals or his inferiors he met in a spirit of the frankest affability. It was only towards the "cringing nobles," who thought to win his favour by their lavish adulation, that he showed himself proud and forbidding. His own countrymen he treated with the greatest cordiality, and they could always rely upon his services. That he expected them to remember that he was one of the most powerful men in Europe, was not, perhaps, a very serious fault. There certainly was as much pride as politeness in his reception of Archibald Campbell, Earl of Islay, and afterwards Duke of Argyll, who, when he called upon him, was ushered through a crowded antechamber, where the best blood of France was waiting the financier's pleasure, to find Law sitting quietly in his library, writing a letter to his gardener at Lauriston about the planting of some cabbages! He entertained the Earl for a considerable time, played a game of piquet with him, and deeply impressed him by his fine breeding and sagacity.

Law was at this time engaged in his scheme for building up a French empire in the valley of the Mississippi, whither he proposed to draft the surplus population of the country. On the morning of September 19, 1719, the bells of St. Martin rang forth a wedding peal; to the music of which a procession of one hundred and eighty women, dressed in white and garlanded with flowers, each attended by a bridegroom suitably attired, wound its way through the crowded streets. These couples were not only linked together by matrimonial bonds, but by iron fetters; for they had been drafted from the Paris prisons, and mated on some French principle of order, previous to being shipped off to find an Arcadia in the far West. This was the characteristic way in which the Regent's government developed Law's plan of colonization. It went further, and seized upon any part of the population which it conceived to be "damaged" or unsound—establishing a kind of press-gang, which seized upon this person and upon that, loaded them with chains, and marched them upon shipboard. With the usual French logic, it was argued that to promote the growth of a new empire, it was desirable to infuse French blood into the native royal races of North America. "Accordingly, the Queen of Missouri was induced to come to Paris to select a husband. The fortunate object of her choice was a stalwart sergeant in the Guards, named Dubois. A disagreeable condition attached to the new dignity probably impeded more distinguished candidates. The Queen of Missouri, being a Daughter

of the Sun, was entitled to cut off her husband's head if he displeased her; and rumour went that Dubois the First actually suffered the penalty of this rigid discipline. But all distinct record of his fate was lost in the tangled mixture of wild adventures encountered by the thousands who were unshipped on the desert shore—shovelled, as it were, into a strange land swarming with savages, and left there to struggle for life and food."

But early in 1720, the wonder-working "system" which had sprung from Law's fertile brain, began to show signs of collapse. The alarm was first raised by the high price of commodities, which had kept pace in their upward progress with the constantly increasing inflation of "the shares." A hint of the danger they were incurring was conveyed to Law and the Regent, by the action of the Prince de Conti. Offended that Law had refused to sell him some shares in India stock at his own price, he sent to the Bank to demand payment in specie of so enormous a number of notes, that three waggons were required for its transport. Law did not fail to impress on the Regent the alarming consequences that would ensue if his example found imitators; and the Regent, who fully appreciated them, compelled the Prince to refund two-thirds of the money. Happily the Prince was unpopular, and a run on the Bank was for a time averted. But, by and by, others took the same action, through prudence, that he had taken through revenge. A want of specie was gradually felt by all classes; and as it was traced to the conduct of those discreet specu-

lators, who smuggled into England or Holland the coin they received for their scrip, the Regent, at Law's instigation, issued edicts depreciating the value of specie five, and afterwards ten, per cent. below that of paper, and at the same time limiting the payments of the Bank in gold and silver. Such artificial restrictions, instead of restoring public confidence, weakened it; and Law, or the Government, ventured on a still bolder *coup*, but with a more ruinous effect. An edict was published which forbade any person whatever to hold more than five hundred livres (£20) in specie, whether in coined money or in plate or jewellery! It is unnecessary to dwell on the loss which this absurd and iniquitous statute inflicted on the better classes. It was carried out in the most rigorous manner. The police were instructed to make domiciliary visits, and as every informer received one-half of the forfeited treasure, the espionage was widespread and most harassing. There is a good story told, however, of the President Lambert de Vannon, who informed the chief of the police that he was prepared to denounce a criminal possessed of five thousand livres' worth of bullion. The chief was astonished that such a man should stoop to the *rôle* of informer, but said, "Name the offender." "*C'est moi*, le Président Lambert de Vannon!" It was the only way he could think of for saving a moiety of his property. Lord Stair, wittiest of ambassadors, said it was impossible now to mistake the sincerity of Law's Catholicism; after having shown his faith in *transubstantiation* by turning so

much gold into paper, he had ended by establishing the *Inquisition.*

Alas for our brilliant Scotchman! It was all of no avail. The structure he had reared upon paper came down with a crash, like a child's house of cards, before the first breath of suspicion. The reported wealth of the Mississippi Valley was discredited; the stock of the Company sank lower and lower; and though the Regent and his Council issued more notes, these failed to restore the public confidence, since they could not be exchanged for specie. Early in May, it was computed that the total number of notes in circulation reached two thousand six hundred millions of livres, while all the specie in the country did not exceed fifty millions of pounds, or about half that amount. The Regent's Council then perceived that something must be done in the way of equalization, and the measure finally decided on was the depreciation of the notes by one-half. An edict to this effect was issued on May 21, but the Parliament refused its concurrence, and such an outburst of indignation shook the country, that the Council recalled its edict.

This was on the 27th—a black day for France. On that day the Bank stopped payment in specie, and Law's dream of power was at an end. His name, wherever mentioned, was loaded with curses; he was denounced as the author of the national bankruptcy. The mob stoned his carriage as he returned from the theatre, and assumed so menacing an attitude that the Regent stationed a company

of Swiss Guards before his hotel night and day. But even this precaution proved insufficient, and Law found it necessary to take shelter in the Regent's apartments in the Palais Royal. The ruin that had overtaken so many thousands of persons, and shattered the public credit, was not able, however, to check the flow or blunt the edge of French wit. When the trouble was at its worst, epigram succeeded epigram, and pasquinade was piled upon pasquinade. Here is a specimen—

> "Lundi, j'achetai des actions,
> Mardi, je gagnai des millions,
> Mercredi, j'arrangeai mon ménage,
> Jeudi, je pris un équipage,
> Vendredi, je m'en fus au bal,
> Et Samedi à l'hôpital."

[On Monday, I bought shares; on Tuesday, I made millions; Wednesday, I furnished my house; Thursday, I set up a carriage; Friday, I went to the ball; and on Saturday to the poor-house.]

Through all this stormy time Law did credit to his nationality by his imperturbable courage. He remained unmoved in the midst of the chaos, maintaining unshaken his confidence in his system, and in—paper. Only on one occasion does his temper seem to have yielded, when a mob pursuing him with yells and execrations, he stepped from his carriage, faced them calmly, and saying disdainfully, "*Vous êtes canailles*," walked on. Whether his words were lost in the tumult, or whether his "majestic *sang-froid*" imposed on the multitude, the brave

Scotchman was allowed to reach the Palais Royal without accident. His coachman was less fortunate. Imitating his master's disdain, he repeated the contemptuous epithet; whereupon the *canaille* fell upon him, tore him from his seat and stamped him to death, afterwards breaking the carriage into fragments. The outrage was witnessed by the President of the Parliament, who gained much applause by relating it to the members in an improvised couplet—

> "Messieurs! Messieurs! bonne nouvelle,
> La carosse de Lass est réduit en cannelle"

—to which the reply was a general shout of hilarity, and a solitary voice which asked, "And Law himself, is he not torn to pieces?"

Wounded by the ingratitude—for such it seemed to him—of the people whom he had desired to benefit, and conscious of the integrity of his motives, Law, who preserved in his fall the dignity of a Coriolanus, obtained the Regent's permission to leave France. As he drove towards the frontier, his carriage was followed by another in swift pursuit, which carried, not an officer of justice, but the agent of the Russian Emperor, charged to invite him to take charge of the finances of Russia. Though a poor man—out of the wreck of his fortune he had saved little more than a diamond worth four or five thousand pounds—he declined the brilliant proposal. At Venice he was met by Cardinal Alberoni, the great Spanish minister; and elsewhere his renown

drew the principal personages in Europe to his *levées.* To defray his expenses he seems to have resumed his attendances at the gaming-table; though his was not the paltry dependence on luck of the ordinary gambler, but a system of combinations based upon elaborate calculations. For some time he cherished the hope of being recalled to France, but with the death of the Regent, in 1723, this hope expired also; and after a visit to Copenhagen, he obtained permission from the British Government to return to his native country. It is a curious fact that he was offered and accepted a passage on board the flag-ship of Sir John Norris, the Admiral of the British fleet: he who had fled from the country a discredited fugitive, returning in state like some high and privileged personage.

For about four years Law remained in England, and then proceeded to Venice, where, in 1729, the man who had controlled the disposal of millions of pounds, died in indigent circumstances. An epigrammatist of the time devoted a quatrain to his memory—

> "Ci-gît cet Ecossais célèbre,
> Ce calculateur sans égal,
> Qui, par les régles de l'Algébre,
> A mis la France à l'hôpital."

[Here lies that famous Scotchman, That calculator unequalled, Who, by the rules of Algebra, Has sent France to the poor-house.]

It may be said of Law that his work lived after him, though the shrewdest political vision could

not have foreseen the far-reaching consequences that flowed from it. His Mississippi scheme was the immediate cause of the South Sea Bubble in England, and of a similar delusion in Holland. It left on the hands of France the colony of Louisiana, which Napoleon sold to the United States in 1803 for fifteen millions of dollars. This purchase gave to the slave-holding States a preponderating influence which eventually led to the secession of the Southern States and the war between North and South—the greatest civil war in history. Law's scheme also left France, as Mr. Hill Burton remarks, in possession of an East India Company which rivalled our own, and but for the genius of Clive and Hastings might have established a Franco-Indian empire, and deprived us of that great dependency to which we owe so much in profit and prestige. These were the notable results of Law's *billets d'action!* A sanguinary civil war in the West—an Anglo-Indian empire in the East—both may be directly traced to the scheme evolved from the fertile and unresting brain of a Scottish adventurer—the son of John Law of Lauriston, banker and goldsmith of Edinburgh.[1]

[1] The best authorities for the life of Law are both French—Cochut and Thiers.

CHAPTER XI

TWO FAMOUS BROTHERS—GEORGE AND JAMES KEITH

DUNNOTTAR CASTLE is one of the most remarkable strongholds on the east coast of Scotland. In the elevation of its position and the extent of its area it surpasses even Tantallon, the ancient seat of the Douglases. Planted on a steep promontory, which descends to the sea with many a rugged bluff and ledge, it presents in its broken outlines the likeness to a ruined town rather than a feudal fortress. We are told—and as we look round upon the huge remains can well believe—that no other of the Scottish castles covered so wide a space of ground, or was able to accommodate within its circuit so large a garrison. In addition to the old square keep, the original *castellum*, it is easy to trace the later erections and additions, which tell of "modern wealth and hospitable profusion." The vestiges of most Scottish fortresses are of "a lean and gaunt aspect," as if designed to present the smallest possible front to hostile attack; but Dunnottar exhibits all the signs of ample magnificence—the magnificence of a monarch rather than of a subject.

Dunnottar was the home of the Keiths; a noble and distinguished family, of whom the last representatives were two illustrious brothers, who left their names "writ large" upon the records of war, —George Keith, Earl Marischal, and Field-Marshal James Keith, the famous captain of Frederick the Great. Of these adventurous Scots I propose briefly to tell the story.

Let us begin with the elder, as of right. George Keith was born in 1687 or 1692—authorities differ. He took up the profession of arms in his boyhood, was still in his teens when serving under Marlborough, and about twenty, perhaps, when Queen Anne made him a Captain of her Guards. He was a fervent partisan of the Stuarts; and at Anne's death offered to march his troop down to Charing Cross, and proclaim James Edward King of England; but the Jacobite leaders lost their nerve—the opportunity passed—and the throne passed to the House of Hanover. On the accession of George I., Keith necessarily resigned his position, and retiring to Dunnottar, awaited there, with his brother, the course of events. Their political principles, as well as their close kinship to the Earl of Mar, led them to join the Earl among the foremost when he raised the standard of revolt in 1715. The Earl Marischal was present at the *tinchel*, or great hunting-match at Braemar, on August 26, at which Mar made known his plans, and obtained the promised support of the chiefs of the Highlands. And it was he who proclaimed James VIII. at Edinburgh, "by the grace of God,

of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, King, and Defender of the Faith." After the battle of Sheriffmuir, Keith attended the *soi-disant* sovereign in his various movements until the Jacobite forces, weakened by internal dissensions, broke up at Perth on January 30, 1716, and began their retreat into the Highlands. The Prince escaped at Montrose on board of a French vessel, which landed him near Dunkirk. The young Earl Marischal and his brother, with some other of the Jacobite officers, then proceeded northward to Aberdeen, where they held a council of war, summoning "all the general officers and chiefs of the Highlands, together with a great many of the nobility and principal gentry." Then it was debated "whether we should continue," says James Keith, in his *Autobiography*, "the former resolution of marching to Inverness, assembling all the troops we could there, and fighting the enemy; or if we should march directly to the mountains, and there disperse, and every man to do the best he could for himself." The decision arrived at was to march on to Gordon Castle and take the advice of the Marquis of Huntly. But it was found that the Marquis would give no advice, and that he intended to offer his submission to the Hanoverian Government. Therefore they advanced to Ruthven in Badenoch as a convenient centre, and hastened to disband their regiments.

"From thence," continues James Keith, "every one took the road [that] pleased him best. The Low Country gentlemen, who could find no safety

in their own country, resolved to keep together till they should get to the west sea, and so take the first opportunity of getting out of the kingdom. The Highland gentlemen, trusting to the inaccessibleness of their hills, resolved to stay in the country, and then endeavour to make their peace with the Government. But before they separated it was resolved to write a letter to the Duke of Argyll, acknowledging their fault and desiring pardon, which was drawn up in so mean terms that few would sign it, and it received the answer it desired, or rather had an answer given it.

"We, who had taken the party to get out of the kingdom, continued our march with Sir Donald McDonald's and Clanronald's regiments, who were going home to the West Islands, where we arrived in the middle of March, after much fatigue and the loss of near a company of foot, who were overset in passing a river by overloading the boat, and here we remained near a month without any appearance of escaping, no ship being then on that coast; and the ships we had sent for to several parts in Scotland not daring to come to us for fear of the enemy's men-of-war; but what troubled us most was the repeated advices we had that the enemy was preparing to attack us; and that two battalions of foot and three frigates were already in the Isle of Skye, not above two leagues from us. At last, about the middle of April, a ship sent by the King [James VIII.] arrived for us from France, in which we embarked to the number of about one hundred officers, April 21, O.S., and, after a very

pleasant passage, arrived May 12, N.S."—I do not understand why the writer so suddenly changes his calendars—"at St. Paul de Leon in Brittany."

Such is James Keith's too brief account of the circumstances which attended his escape from Scotland. It is to be regretted that he does not narrate his adventures in fuller detail, as he must have met with many romantic incidents, and been a witness of not a few striking scenes in the course of his journey to the Western Isles, his detention there, and his voyage to France. But both the Keiths were men of action rather than of words, and loved to do the deeds for other men to write about.

I must now follow the elder Keith, the Earl Marshal or Marischal, who, after wandering for some months among the mountains of Ross-shire and Inverness-shire—with a price set on his head by the British Government—contrived to pass into Spain—a country for which he had a great liking, often remarking that he had many friends there, especially the Sun. Cardinal Alberoni was at that time chief minister; and when the Earl made known to him his desire to draw his sword in the Spanish service, he offered him immediately the high rank of Lieutenant-General. With exceptional but characteristic modesty, the Earl declined it as being above his age and services, and accepted an inferior commission. Spain was then at peace; and our indefatigable Scot wandered on to Avignon, where he was received with open arms by his old friend and commander, the Duke of

Ormond. At Rome he was admitted to an audience of the Pope, and afterwards of the Pretender, who bestowed upon him the Order of the Garter; but Keith, knowing it to be a sham, would never wear it, observing, with his usual calm common sense—"One must set aside, under the penalty of ridicule, these empty honours, when he who confers them is in no condition to make them respected." How much wiser and more dignified was his conduct than that of the hangers-on of the Pretender's mimic court, who decked themselves out with stars and ribbons that carried neither significance nor distinction!

It has been surmised that while he remained in Rome he was engaged in secret negotiations in the Jacobite interest. I take leave to doubt it. The Earl Marischal seems to me to have been much too shrewd and practical ever to have involved himself in a political game in which his opponents held all the trumps.

In 1733, when war broke out between Spain and the Empire, he wrote to the Spanish sovereign, offering the aid of his sword; but the offer was rejected on the ground that he was a Protestant, though in the previous year his creed had not prevented him from being employed in a campaign against the Moors in Africa. I suppose the Spanish Government made this nice distinction, that the services of a heretic might lawfully be made available in fighting against infidels, but that the case was altered when the enemy was a good Catholic. Learning that his brother James had

been wounded at the siege of Okzakow, he hastened to his assistance, and fortunately arrived in time to prevent him from losing a limb which some ignorant surgeons were proposing to amputate. After accompanying the invalid to the waters of Baréges, he returned to Spain. In 1744, when France was engaged in hostilities against Great Britain, and sought to create a diversion in her favour by kindling the fires of revolt in Scotland, she supplied the Young Pretender, Prince Charles Edward, with the means of disembarking a force on the Scottish coast. The Earl Marischal disbelieved in the success of the expedition, and advised the Prince not to undertake it. His counsel was disregarded; and the result was the ruin of the hopes of the Stuarts on the memorable field of Culloden.

Shortly afterwards, the Earl, on receiving some slight from the Spanish Ministry, withdrew to France, where he occupied his leisure with study, and the society and conversation of men of letters.

His younger brother, the Field-Marshal, having entered the Prussian service, pressed him to come and live with him at Berlin. He assented; and his abilities as well as his scrupulous integrity being recognized by Frederick the Great, he was appointed Prussian Ambassador to the Court of the Tuileries. In this capacity the Earl spent several years in Paris, which he liked as warmly as he disliked his diplomatic position. "Alas!"

he would say, "one requires for this vocation a *finesse*—a subtlety—which I have not, and do not wish to have!" His probity was never doubted; and from the impression it produced probably won more diplomatic victories than the most ingenious state-craft could have achieved.

He was dispatched, later on, as Ambassador to the Court of Madrid; whence he secretly sent intelligence to the great Earl of Chatham, of whose genius he was an admirer, of the nefarious Family Compact between the two branches of the House of Bourbon, which was intended to secure for it the supremacy of Anjou. The British Government, however, treated the information with contemptuous neglect, in order to mortify the illustrious statesman who towered so high above their mediocrity; and thus, by their petty but ruinous jealousy, plunged Europe into a protracted, sanguinary, and useless war.

The Earl Marischal's attainder having been reversed, he found himself at liberty to return to Scotland. It is recorded, as a striking proof of the esteem in which he was held by his countrymen, that when he attended in person the public sale of his estates with the view of buying them in, no one would bid against him. He did not long reside, however, amid the patrimonial groves. The coldness of the Scotch climate was too much for his delicate constitution; and the fastidious habits of life he had acquired did not agree with the rougher ways of the Highland lairds. He

made haste to return to the milder temperature and more cultivated society of Berlin; but he did not long profit by either. Towards the close of April 1778 he was seized with a fever, which in the course of a few weeks proved fatal, carrying him off on May 25. He was then in his eighty-eighth or ninety-first year, according as we believe him to have been born in 1687 or 1692.

Throughout his illness he maintained a remarkable composure. On one occasion he said to his physician—"I do not ask you, sir, to make me live, for you do not pretend apparently to take fifty off my sum of years; I simply beg you, if it be possible, to shorten my pains. After all, I have never been ill before. I must needs have my share of the miseries of humanity, and I submit to this decree of Nature." Two days before his death, he sent for Mr. Elliott, our Minister at the Prussian Court, and addressed him with his customary liveliness—"I have sent for you because there is something pleasant in a Minister of King George receiving the last sighs of an old Jacobite. Besides, you may have, perhaps, some commissions to give me for my Lord Chatham [who had died about a fortnight previously]; and as I count upon seeing him to-morrow or the day after, I shall with pleasure take charge of your dispatches."

The Earl Marischal was a good conversationalist, and told a story with infinite grace and point. He was also an adept in correspondence; concise, terse, elegant. This is the introduction to a friend

at Neufchâtel which he gave to Boswell—Johnson's Boswell—

"A Monsieur, Monsieur le Colonel, Chaillot.

"Monsieur,—Il vous plaira payer à M. Boswell une bonne Truite du Lac, avec une bouteille de votre meilleur vin.

"Pour votre Serviteur,
"MARISCHAL."

[Please pay to Mr. Boswell one fine lake trout, with a bottle of your best wine, for your servant. MARISCHAL.]

Perhaps the most interesting thing about this trifle is, that it has survived the chances and changes of more than a century.

CHAPTER XII

FIELD-MARSHAL JAMES KEITH

JAMES KEITH, the younger brother of the Earl Marischal, was born at Inverugie Castle, near Peterhead, on June 16, 1696. His father was William, ninth Earl Marischal (who died in 1712), and his mother was Lady Marie Drummond, daughter of the Earl of Perth—a zealous adherent of the old faith and the old dynasty.

James was educated for the law, and had prosecuted his studies at Aberdeen and Edinburgh, where he was induced to join his brother in the Jacobite rising of 1715. After the dispersion of the Highland clans, he made his way to the Western Isles, and concealed himself there for some months, until he was taken on board a French vessel, and conveyed to Brittany. Thence he made his way to Paris, where, at first, his experiences were of the harshest. It is true that he was well received by the Queen-Mother, Mary of Modena, who told him that he must stay in Paris, and that as he was so young, she would send him to the Academy to learn his sword exercise; but royal memories are proverbially short. He received no assistance from

her for some time, and was reduced to pitiful straits. "Having left Scotland," he says, "so abruptly that I had no time to provide any money to bring along with me, what I had was soon at an end, and my friends there, not knowing to what part of the world I was gone, had sent no bills for me. I lived most of that time by selling horse furniture and other things of that nature which an officer commonly carries with him; and though I had relations enough in Paris, who could have supplied me, and who would have done it with pleasure, yet was I then either so bashful or so vain, that I would not own the want I was in."

Thus he had to suffer for the proud shame of young manhood, until at length he received supplies from Scotland, as well as donations from James and his Queen, in whose unlucky cause he had ventured and lost so much. The young adventurer went to the Academy, learned his exercises, and was favoured with a commission as Colonel of horse. But he was of a more restless temper than his elder brother, and thinking it was high time—at the advanced age of twenty-one!—to establish himself somewhere, and begin to carve out his fortune, he turned his eyes towards Spain, the Government of which was preparing to invade Sicily and make war against the Empire. But in the spring of life a young man's fancy lightly turns to—other things. "I was then too much in love," he naïvely says, "to think of quitting Paris, and though shame to my friends forced me to take some steps towards it, yet I managed it so slowly

that I set out only in the end of the year (1718), and had not my mistress and I quarrelled, it's probable I had lost many years of my time to very little purpose, so much was I taken up with my passion."

But at last, early in 1719, he went to Spain, in company with his brother, the Earl Marischal; bound on a secret mission from King James to the Court of Madrid. Landing at Palamos, on the coast of Catalonia, they were subjected at first to a pretty close examination and cross-examination by the authorities, who, unable to make out the mystery of the two strangers, sent them on to Don Tiberio Caraffa, Governor of Giron, and the Duke of Leria, commandant of the garrison. "We arrived there in the evening," says the future Marshal, "and were carried to the Duke's quarters, who was no little surprised at our appearance, and immediately sent to acquaint the Governor that he answered for the two gentlemen, but concealed our names at the desire of the Earl Marischal. We lodged that night with him, and finding him ignorant of any intended enterprise in England, we concluded that we were sent for only to enter into the King of Spain's service, and therefore resolved to continue our route slowly to Madrid, without fatiguing ourselves by going post. We accordingly hired chairs (sedan) there, and two days after arrived at San Andren, hard by Barcelona, and from thence sent a letter from the Duke of Leria to Prince Pio of Savoy, who was then Captain-General of that province, begging him to allow us to come

into the town without being examined at the ports; and about an hour after we saw a coach and six mules (the first equipage of the kind we had ever seen), with the Prince's livery, at the door of our inn. This surprised us, and still more the respect his doctor, whom he had sent in his coach to receive us, paid to two strangers he had never (before) seen." Long afterwards they discovered the secret of this extraordinary courtesy. Cardinal Alberoni had sent word to Prince Pio that King James might shortly be expected incognito at one of the Catalonian ports, and had given directions for his becoming reception; and on the advent of the two young Scotchmen, tall, well-favoured, with the *air noble* about them, the Prince had too hastily concluded that they were King James and his confidential attendant. "This," says Keith, "with the Duke of Leria's letter, occasioned our entry into Barcelona in this manner; and I believe he was sorry to have given himself so much trouble about us, when he knew who we were; yet he received us very civilly, though with some *embarras*."

The young Scotchmen duly arrived at Madrid, and on the following day were received by Cardinal Alberoni, who informed them of his design to support the Jacobite cause, and sent them to Valladolid to arrange the details of an expedition with the Duke of Ormond. They demanded, as essential to its success, 4000 stand of arms and 18,000 pistoles; but were obliged to be content with half of each. The Cardinal, however, also undertook to lend them six companies of infantry to

protect a landing. Leaving George Keith to accompany the expedition from San Sebastian, where it was to embark, James set out for France, to open up secret communications with Tullibardine, Seaforth, and the other Jacobite exiles, and engage their co-operation. It was both a difficult and a dangerous task, as France and Spain were then at war, but James Keith carried it out successfully; and he and his friends sailed for Havre, in a small boat of twenty-five tons, on March 19, 1719, and after narrowly escaping capture by the British fleet, landed at Stornoway, in the Lewis, a few days later. Here they found George Keith, with the small body of Spanish troops promised by the Cardinal. Alberoni had intended that the Earl Marischal should take the chief command; but Tullibardine suddenly produced a commission from Prince James Edward, empowering him to act as Generalissimo. The Earl Marischal gave way so far as the land forces were concerned; but insisted on directing the movements of the ships of the expedition, as these had specially been entrusted to him by the Cardinal.

The plan of action decided upon was to disembark on the west coast, advance through the glens to Inverness, which was known to be very feebly garrisoned, and carrying it by a *coup de main*, assemble there the Highland clans. But the disputes and quarrels of the leaders so delayed their progress that the British Government obtained information of their movements, and were enabled to forestall them.

It was the middle of May before the little Jacobite flotilla sailed into Loch Alsh, which lies, deep and still, among the green mountains of Ross-shire. The troops having been landed, the vessels returned to Spain. Some fortifications were then thrown up at the mouth of the inner reach of the loch; and a garrison was placed in Ulandonan Castle, once the stronghold of the "high chiefs of Kintail." But the ancient fortress, though impregnable in the rude Highland warfare, could offer no effective resistance to modern artillery; and their English men-of-war, which broke into the loch, soon crumbled it into ruins. The Scotch, and their Spanish auxiliaries, about 1500 in all, then moved by Loch Duich into the high grounds of Glenshiel; where, on June 11, they were surprised and defeated by General Wightman, with 1600 regular troops. The Spaniards surrendered as prisoners of war; the Scots disappeared among the mountain ravines.

"As I was then sick of a fever," writes James Keith, "I was forced to lurk some months in the mountains, and in the beginning of September, having got a ship, I embarked at Peterhead, and four days after landed in Holland at the Texel; and from there, with the Earl Marischal, went to the Hague, to know if the King of Spain's minister at that Court had any orders for us. And his advice being that we should return with all haste to Spain, we set out next day by the way of Liège, to shun the Imperial Netherlands and enter France by Sedan, judging that route to be the least suspected;

Lurking in the mountains of Kintail.

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but, on arriving there, the town-major, finding we had no passports, stopped us, and without inquiring either our names or qualities, ordered us immediately to be carried to prison, which was executed with the greatest exactitude. I made no doubt but that at the same time he would have ordered our pockets to be searched, in which we both had our commissions from the King of Spain, then at war with France; but he was contented with having done the half of his duty, which was our good fortune,"—since it allowed time for their destruction. Afterwards, when a demand was made for papers, nothing was found upon them but a letter which the Earl Marischal had received from the Prince de Conti. This seemed so satisfactory a credential to the town-major that he ordered their release; and next day they set out for Paris. They arrived there during the fever of excitement caused by Law's Mississippi scheme; but as they had no money with which to speculate in them, and neither gained or lost, Keith does not think it incumbent upon him either to praise or condemn.

Early in January 1720, the two brothers resolved on a visit to Prince James Edward, or the Chevalier, as he was called, at Rome. They embarked at Genoa on board a galley bound for Leghorn; and soon had an opportunity of ascertaining how sadly the Genoese seamen had deteriorated since the days of Doria, when Genoa contended with Venice for the mastery of the seas. They had a favourable breeze at starting; and about midday made Porto Fino, where, to the surprise of our young Scots,

they dropped anchor. When one of the officers was asked the reason, he replied, that the galleys of the Republic never kept the sea at night, except in the middle of summer, and that the next harbour, Porto Vumo, was too far distant to be reached before nightfall. Next day they got into Porto Vumo about the same hour, and as it does not lie more than seventy miles from Leghorn, it would have been possible to have made the latter port before midnight. But the bold Genoese could not be induced to run the hazard; and as the wind veered round during the night, the Keiths were detained at Porto Vumo for ten weary days. At last, the weather becoming settled, the galley again put to sea; about half-way the wind freshened, and the heroic captain, in a panic, gave orders to return; nor was he persuaded very easily that there was no danger.

At Rome they received a gracious welcome from the Chevalier, and spent six weeks very pleasantly. James Edward soon discovered that their funds were very low; and in order to relieve the wants of two such faithful partisans, applied to the Pope to advance him a thousand crowns on his ordinary pension. Clement XI. prudently excused himself on the plea of poverty, "which I mention," says James Keith, "only to show the genius of the Pope, and how little regard Churchmen have for those who have abandoned all for religion." The Chevalier eventually borrowed the money from a trustful banker, and sent away his two young Scots rejoicing.

They were back in Madrid in July 1720, and there, among courteous senhors and fascinating senhoras, James Keith lingered for many months, holding the commission of Colonel, but unattached to any regiment; finding no one to assist his advancement; and reduced eventually to such distress that, had not an old friend arrived in Madrid, and offered him his hospitality, it is probable that our adventurer's career would have come to an unhappy and a premature end.

In 1722, at his mother's urgent request, he was preparing to return to Scotland on business affairs; but on making known his intention to Mr. Stanhope, the British Ambassador, he was strongly dissuaded from it. Mr. Stanhope reminded him that the British Government was acquainted with his share in the Spanish expedition; and he added that just at that moment they were much embittered against all Jacobites by the discovery of the abortive conspiracy in which Bishop Atterbury and other leading men had been engaged. James Keith, therefore, changed his plans and went to Paris; where he loitered about the Court and the *salons* for a couple of years, seeking employment but finding none; and supporting himself on such small sums of money as reached him from Scotland.

In June 1726 the scent of battle rose in the gladdened nostrils of our adventurer. Hostilities were again on the point of being resumed between Great Britain and Spain. An English squadron had already sailed for the West Indies to lie in

wait for the huge Panama treasure-ship; and another, carrying three regiments of foot, was cruising in the Bay of Biscay, with the intention, it was supposed, of making a descent upon the sea-fort of San Anders. As a counter-demonstration, Spain dispatched an army of twenty thousand men into Andalusia with instructions to attempt the recapture of Gibraltar. Keith flew at once to the scene of action; and late in December rode into the Spanish camp at San Roque, within three miles of the great fortress. To deceive the English garrison there, the army was employed in the erection of new defences at Algesiras.

"The English at first began to suspect," says Keith, "that we had some design on the place; but when they saw how weak we were, they concluded that the new fort was all we had in view, and I don't know if this presumption might not have cost them dear, had we had a more enterprising general at our head, for the garrison was then not full a thousand men, and the service of the place so negligently observed, that very often the guard of the port was not above a dozen men. They allowed our soldiers to come into the town in what numbers they pleased, without even searching them for hidden arms; and at less than four hundred yards from the place, there are sand-banks where a thousand men may lay concealed, and which they then had not the precaution to reconnoitre in the morning: how easy would it have been to have rendered ourselves masters of the gate, for sometimes we had above two hundred

soldiers and forty or fifty officers at a time in the place, and then have made our grenadiers, hid amongst the sand-banks, advance; but this was not the design of the Count de Las Torres, our General, who said that would the English give him the town, he would not take it but by the breach."

When all the Spanish forces were assembled, it was naturally supposed that the trenches would be opened; but, unfortunately for the Spaniards, they had no cannon. To send them by sea was impossible on account of the vigilance of the English cruisers; they were therefore dragged across the mountains by rugged and difficult paths, which heavy rains had rendered almost impracticable. The collection of this battering-train made known to the garrison the ultimate object of the Spaniards, while the delay afforded them opportunity of communicating with Admiral Sir Charles Wager, who was in command of the British fleet. He immediately bore up for Gibraltar, and landed his three regiments of infantry. The besiegers then perceived that they had lost their chance, and would have retired; but the Court at Madrid insisted that the siege should go on, and on the night of February 21, a strong battery was raised to cover the men at work in the trenches. The British immediately opened a vigorous fire, but the battery proved to be out of range, and therefore innocuous. That night the Spanish troops began to break ground, and so near the Rock that our guns could not be pointed low enough, nor did our musketry do much execution.

But in the morning it was discovered that the engineers had mistaken their position—a blunder which does not give one a very high opinion of Spanish military science!—and had drawn the parallel where it was exposed to the full observation of the garrison. At the same time three British men-of-war dropped out of the harbour, and sailing into the bay, let go their anchors in the rear of the Spanish position at a point where was such deep water that they were able to unite within a cable's length of the shore. Throughout the day they kept up a heavy fire, killing or wounding two of the Spanish officers and seventy-two soldiers. At nightfall they weighed anchor, and returned to their former moorings.

Shortly afterwards a curious *contretemps* occurred, which might have had disastrous consequences. To obtain cover from the British cannonade, the Spanish troops had lain prone on their faces all day in the lines which they had occupied the night before; and in a gap in the trenches which there had not been time to fill up, a battalion of the Guards sought shelter without being noticed or even remembered by the main body of the troops. On the departure of the British ships, the officer in command of the battalion marched them to rejoin their comrades. The way lying under the musketry of the town, they advanced with rapid step—an alacrity which, in the darkness, led the regiment nearest to them to conjecture that they were a British column which had sallied from the town. They accordingly fired

a volley; but as the battalion continued their advance, most of these gallant Spaniards threw down their arms and took to their heels. The example proved contagious; and had not the nationality of the advancing troops been quickly discovered, it seems probable that the greater part of the Spanish army would have run away from an imaginary enemy. One can hardly believe that these poltroons were the countrymen of the Cid!

"We continued our works," says the Field-Marshal, "above three weeks before our batteries were in condition to fire; and when they did, we found the effect did not answer our expectation, they being at too great a distance from the works of the place to do much execution. In this manner we continued cannonading one another till June 22, without any hopes of taking the town, which, by the works the Earl of Portmore had raised during the siege, was soon in a better condition than when we began it. At last, June 23, orders came from Court to cease all acts of hostility, and to agree on a suspension of arms with the Governor; and thus ended a siege of five months, in which we had about two thousand men killed or wounded, and in which all we gained was the knowledge that the place was impregnable by land."

In 1747 George II. entered into an arrangement with the Czar for the hire of thirty thousand Russian infantry, four thousand Russian cavalry,

and one thousand Cossacks, for an annual subsidy of £15,000. This force marched out of Moscow on Christmas Day, 1747, and all through the winter crept on through the "frozen peaty wildernesses" of Lithuania and Poland, in order to confront the French in the Rhineland in the early spring. It was supposed that the command would have been given to Keith, who was entitled to it by his services, his renown, his seniority; but owing to Court intrigues he was dishonourably passed over, and Repnin, his junior and inferior, obtained the coveted post. Keith, who had already undergone several slights, immediately threw up his commission, and departing from Russia without regret, sought employment in a more congenial field. On arriving at Hamburg, in September 1747, he wrote to Frederick the Great to offer him his sword. Frederick eagerly welcomed him, promising him the rank of Field-Marshal, and an income of £1200 a year. Negotiations, when both parties were willing, came to a swift conclusion, and in the following month I find the Field-Marshal writing from Potsdam to his brother, the Earl—

"I have now the honour, and, which is still more, the pleasure, of being with the King at Potsdam; where he ordered me to come, two days after he declared me Field-Marshal; where I have the honour to dine and sup with him almost every day. He has more wit than I have wit to tell you; speaks solidly and knowingly on all kinds of subjects; and I am much mistaken if, with the experience of four campaigns, he is not the best

officer of his army. He has several persons with whom he lives in almost the familiarity of a friend; but has no favourite;—and shows a natural politeness for everybody who is about him. For one who has been four days about his person, you will say I pretend to know a great deal of his character: but what I tell you, you may depend upon. With more time, I shall know as much of him as he will let me know; and—all his Ministry knows no more."

Keith seems to have become sincerely attached to Frederick, who, on his part, placed the greatest trust in both him and his ambassadorial brother, and included them in the narrow circle of his intimates. It was said by some that the Earl Marischal was the only human being whom Frederick ever loved.

James Keith's military talents shone conspicuously in the earlier stages of that great European conflict which historians designate the Seven Years' War. The chief combatants in this prolonged struggle were Prussia and Austria, supported by Great Britain and France respectively. But Austria had also on her side Russia, Saxony, Sweden, and the Germanic body; so that the position of Frederick was both difficult and dangerous. With him it was a contest for everything that was dearest. If his antagonist prevailed, Silesia would return to Austria, East Prussia would go to the Russian Empress, Sweden would acquire part of Pomerania; and Augustus of Saxony, Magdeburg; so that the House of Hohenzollern would at once fall

back into the obscurity from which it had been raised by the ability of its successive chiefs. Relying on his genius, on the courage and discipline of his troops, and the unity of his councils, Frederick resolved on striking the first blow; and in the month of August 1756, suddenly poured into Saxony an army of sixty-five thousand troops, who quickly overflowed the country, captured Dresden, and laid siege to Pirna. Learning that a force of Austrians, under Marshal Browne, was preparing to traverse the mountain passes which connect Bohemia with Saxony, he left at Pirna a division strong enough to wrestle with the Saxons, and, accompanied by Field-Marshal Keith, invaded Bohemia.

Keith had been growing in the King's favour, and in everybody's confidence, since he first entered the Prussian service. Our great historian describes him, with picturesque felicity, as a man of Scottish type, whose broad accent, with its sagacities, vivacities, its steadily-fixed moderation, and its sly twinkles of defensive humour, is still audible to us through the foreign wrappages. Not given to talk, unless he had something to say; but then he talked well and wisely, and there were few subjects on which his opinion was not worth hearing, and his judgment worth taking.

Frederick, seizing the heights on either side of the Bohemian pass, threw himself across Browne's line of march at Lobositz (October 1756), and inflicted upon the old Marshal a severe defeat, the Prussians fighting with extraordinary steadiness. "Never have my troops," wrote Frederick, "done

such miracles of valour, cavalry as well as infantry, since I had the honour to command them. By this *tour de force*—this masterly achievement—they have shown what they can do." This notable victory placed all Saxony at Frederick's feet. The Elector fled to Poland, and the whole Saxon army capitulated. Thenceforward, to the end of the war, he treated Saxony as a conquered province, levying troops and exacting contributions with merciless severity.

For the campaign of 1757 the King's plans were well conceived. He left the Duke of Cumberland, with his British and Hanoverian force, to operate in Western Germany, and keep the French employed. The Russians were immured in their snows until spring opened. Saxony was prostrated, and Sweden ineffectual. There was time and opportunity, therefore, to attack Austria alone, though even in this single-handed contest the odds were against him. Early in 1757 he sent his army in four divisions through the Bohemian passes, intending to fall upon Prague, where Marshal Browne was encamped, expecting the arrival of Daun, the ablest and wariest of the Imperialist captains, with heavy reinforcements. Frederick resolved to attack and overhelm Browne before Daun could come up. On May 6 was fought the bloodiest battle which Europe witnessed during the long interval—nearly a century—between Malplaquet and Eylau. The King and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick distinguished themselves in its fiercest throes by their hot and indomitable courage, but the honour of the day

was with the veteran Marshal Schwerin, who had command of the Prussian infantry.

He and his fighting men advanced upon the Austrian front through a storm of case-shot. The general Prussian order of the day was, "By push of bayonet: no firing; none, at any rate, until you see the whites of their eyes." Swift, steady as on the parade-ground, rapidly filling up the gaps torn in their close-set ranks, the Prussians continued to press forward, until they saw before them an expanse of "fine, sleek pasture-grounds, unusually green for the season." But when they stepped upon them, they proved, alas! to be mere "mud-tanks," verdant with "bearding oat-crop," sown there as carp-provender! "Figure the sinking of whole regiments to the knee; to the middle, some of them; the steady march become a wild scrawl through viscous mud, mere case-shot singing round you, tearing you away at its ease! Even on those terrible terms, the Prussians, by dams, by footpaths, sometimes one man abreast, sprawl steadily forward, trailing their cannon with them; only a few regiments, in the footpath parts, cannot bring their cannon. Forward; rank again, when the ground will carry; ever forward, the case-shot getting ever more murderous! No human pen can describe the deadly chaos which ensued in that quarter; which lasted, in desperate fury, issue dubious, for above three hours; and was the crisis, or essential agony, of the battle."

In this fiery trial it is no matter of wonder that some of the Prussian regiments lost heart, and for a

time fell back—recovering themselves thereafter, and returning to the field of slaughter. One of these was Schwerin's regiment. The fiery veteran immediately seized the colours, and shouting, *Heran, meine Kinder*,—"This way, my sons,"—rode straight into the chaos of the fight, followed by his "sons" in swift repentance. Five bits of grape-shot struck the white-haired hero, who fell dead upon his flag, clutching it with tenacious hands; but his spirit, as it were, continued to lead the desperate charge, and the Prussians, mad with grief and rage, fell so fiercely upon the enemy, that he was compelled to yield.

Keith, in this great battle, commanded three thousand men, on the Moldau side of the battlefield, and when the Austrian retreat began, prevented them from escaping up the Moldau, and helped to shut up part of them in Prague. The remainder fled to swell the ranks of Daun's army, which was rapidly approaching.

Frederick's victory was dearly won. He admitted that he had lost eighteen thousand men. The loss of the Austrians was a third greater—twenty-four thousand killed, wounded, or taken prisoners; but then the Austrians had another great army in the field, and Frederick had not.

Leaving a large force, under Keith, to besiege Prague, Frederick, with three thousand men, marched against Daun, who, though he had the superiority in numbers, was resolved to risk nothing, and had encamped in a very strong position at Kolin. The battle began before noon on June 1,

and was maintained on both sides with terrible resolution and great shedding of blood. The Prussians behaved with a gallantry worthy of their fame; but the deadly fire of the Austrian batteries from every point of vantage proved too much for them, and at length their decimated regiments could no longer be brought up to the attack. Even then, Frederick was unwilling to admit the indispensableness of retreat, and the officers of his personal staff were constrained to put the question to him straight —"Will your Majesty storm the batteries alone?" Entering the battle thirty-four thousand strong, he lost thirteen thousand seven hundred and seventy-three, of whom the prisoners (including all the wounded) numbered five thousand three hundred and eighty. They lost also forty-five cannon and twenty-two flags, but held so resolute an attitude even in defeat, that the victors meddled not with their baggage. The Austrian forces in the field are estimated at sixty thousand; their killed, wounded, and missing amounted to eight thousand one hundred and fourteen.

Retiring upon Prague, Frederick immediately raised the siege, and by different routes marched his army out of Bohemia, Keith bringing up the rear, and having charge of the magazines and stores.

In November, having recruited his weakened army, Frederick opened a new campaign. He himself led the van; the main body was under Marshal Keith; and the rear under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, one of the ablest captains of

the time. A great French army was moving up from the west, under the command of Marshal Soubise, a prince of the great house of Rohan; this was the enemy at whom Frederick resolved to aim his first blow. He came up with him at Rosbach on November 5, and though considerably inferior in numbers, obtained a complete victory. The French lost three thousand killed and wounded, and five thousand taken prisoners, with about seventy cannon, besides standards, flags, kettledrums, and meaner baggage. Those who fled, fled in the greatest confusion. The Prussians had only one hundred and sixty-five killed, and three hundred and seventy-six wounded. In number they had been little more than one to three; twenty-two thousand of all arms, and of these not more than half were under fire.

Victorious in the West, Frederick next turned his arms towards Silesia, which had been overrun by the Austrians, under Duke Charles of Lorraine. He marched thither with indefatigable energy, and on December 5, exactly one month after the battle of Rosbach, fought the battle of Leuthen —perhaps the most signal of his victories. Recognizing the magnitude of the issue, he had summoned Keith and his principal officers to his presence a day before; and made known to them his intentions in terse and forcible language. After commenting on the critical position of affairs in Silesia, he remarked that his embarrassments would be insuperable but for the entire confidence he had in them, and in their high military qualities.

Hardly one among them but had distinguished himself by some nobly memorable action; but all their services to the State and to himself he knew well, and would never forget. He flattered himself, therefore, that on the present occasion nothing would be wanting which the State had a right to expect of their valour. The hour was at hand. He should think nothing done if he left the Austrians in possession of Silesia. He wished to inform them, therefore, that he intended, in spite of the Rules of Art, to attack Prince Charles's army, though it was nearly thrice their strength, wherever and whenever he found it. Of its numbers or the strength of its position he should take no account. He hoped to neutralize these advantages by his tactical skill and the courage of his soldiers. This step, he said, he must risk, or all was lost. "We must beat the enemy," he cried, "or perish, all of us, in front of his batteries. Make this my resolve known to all the officers of the army; prepare the men for the work they will have to do, and say that I expect absolute fulfilment of my orders."

There was no mistake about the temper of this Prussian army; it was as dogged and inflexible as if its ranks had been filled with Keith's countrymen. And then it had such a noble faith in its kingly leader! "Never mind," the soldiers used to say in Marlborough's time, "Corporal John will get us through it!" And this, too, was the feeling of the Prussian fighting-men as regarded their "Vater Fritz." That same evening (I am con-

densing from Carlyle) he rode into the camp, and went from regiment to regiment, exchanging frank soldierly speech with all. The first he came upon was the Life Guard Cuirassiers: the men, in their wonted manner, gave him good-evening, which he returned cheerily. Some of the veterans addressed him confidentially: "What is thy news, then, at this late hour?" "Good news, children: to-morrow you will drub the Austrians soundly." "That we will," they said, "by Heaven!" "But look how many of them there are yonder, and how strongly they have entrenched themselves!" "If they had the devil in their front, and all round them, we would knock them out: only thou lead us on!" "Well, I shall see what you can do! Now, lay down, and sleep soundly; good sleep to you!" "Good-night, Fritz," they cried with one consent; and the King moved on to the next regiment, the Pommern or Pomeranian. "Well, children, how do you think it will go to-morrow? They are twice as strong as we." "Never thou mind that; there are no Pommerners among them; thou knowest what the Pommerners can do!" "Yea, truly," answered the King, "that I do, or I durst not risk the battle. Now, good sleep to you! to-morrow, then, by this time, we shall either have beaten the enemy, or shall all be dead." "Yes," resumed the regiment, in chorus, "dead, or else the enemy beaten."

I do not propose to describe the battle of Leuthen. To the non-professional reader the description of one battle is very much like that of

another, and even when it is written by a brilliant expert, it carries no conviction to the mind. He understands that *A* is beaten, and that *B* conquers; but he does not understand the why or the wherefore; nor can he separate the part played by the stubborn courage of the men from the part played by the genius of their leader. At Leuthen it would be difficult to do so; for though it was Frederick's manœuvres[1] which conferred upon forty thousand men an insuperable superiority over sixty thousand, these manœuvres could have been carried out only by troops of the highest discipline and courage. The Austrian overthrow was complete; they left three thousand killed and seven thousand wounded on the field, and twenty thousand to twenty-one thousand were taken prisoners. Necessarily such a victory was not cheaply won; it cost the victors one thousand one hundred and forty-one killed, and five thousand one hundred and eighteen wounded. "Gentlemen," said Frederick that night, when the hurly-burly was over, "after such a spell of work you deserve rest. This day will hand down the renown of your name and your nation to the latest posterity."

Marshal Keith's share in these notable military achievements I have not attempted to indicate. He was a lieutenant, and, therefore, can claim

[1] Napoleon did justice to Frederick's strategy—"That battle," he said, "was a masterpiece. Of itself, it is sufficient to entitle Frederick to a place in the front rank among generals."

little of the glory that on such occasions surrounds the commander. He had to obey orders, and he obeyed them with sagacity, promptitude, and resolution. There was no one of his officers whom Frederick more thoroughly trusted ; no one whose counsel carried greater weight with him ; but his was not the initiative genius, and Rosbach and Leuthen are Frederick's victories, and neither Keith's nor Schwerin's nor any other of the Prussian generals, except in so far as each did his duty with true soldierly instinct.

Having recovered Silesia, Frederick passed the winter at Breslau in the studies he loved, and in making vigorous preparations for his next campaign. Fresh levies brought up the fighting strength of his army to the normal standard, and in the spring of 1758 he again took the field. Leaving Prince Ferdinand to deal with the French, he marched to encounter the Russians, who had sided with Austria, and slaying, ravaging, and burning, had penetrated into the heart of his dominions. His first movement was against Olmütz. Starting from Neisse, on April 27, with vanguard and first division under his own command—Keith, with second division and rearguard, following at a day's march distance,—he silently threaded the mountain villages and upper streamlets of the Oder and Morawa, and on May 12 suddenly debouched in front of Olmütz, near which (at Leutomischl) Marshal Daun lay entrenched with a strong force. Frederick at once invested Olmütz, entrusting the general direction of the

siege to Keith, who pressed it with unconquerable tenacity; but was ill served by his engineers, and inadequately supplied with ammunition. The capture of an important convoy by Daun made Frederick's position untenable; and on July 1 he ordered Keith to raise the siege, and began his retreat. Keith, who covered the retreat, is acknowledged to have behaved with masterly tactical skill. He was suffering from asthma at the time, but exhibited his usual vigilance, energy, and judgment, and though upwards of sixty, much of the elasticity and promptitude of youth. The hosts under Loudon made some attacks upon his long column; he brushed them off quite easily. It was at Holitz, within a march of Königsgrätz, that Loudon struck most heavily, and at one time there was some risk of disaster. But Keith, hearing the brisk artillery combat in front of him, galloped to the scene of action with his cavalry, and by a series of skilful manœuvres drove back the enemy in confusion. "A man fiery enough," says Carlyle, "and prompt with his stroke when wanted, though commonly so quiet. 'Tell Monsieur,'—some general who seemed too stupid or too languid on this occasion,—'Tell Monsieur from me,' said Keith to his aide-de-camp, 'he may be a very pretty thing, but he is not a man (*qu'il peut être une bonne chose, mais qu'il n'est pas un homme!*'). The excellent vernacular Keith—still a fine breadth of accent in him, one perceives!"

Frederick now marched to encounter the Rus-

sians, and gave them battle, on August 25, at Zorndorf, near Frankfort-on-the-Oder. The fight was "long and bloody," but it ended in a great victory for the Prussians and their King. The Russian loss amounted to eight thousand killed, and thirteen thousand five hundred wounded and taken prisoners. The Prussian loss was about half, namely three thousand six hundred and eighty killed, and seven thousand seven hundred wounded or missing. Zorndorf was the bloodiest field of the Seven Years' War, and one of the most furious recorded in military annals. On both sides men were animated by a feeling of personal hate; and the sight of the ravages committed by the ruthless invaders had filled the breast of every Prussian with an insatiable thirst of vengeance.

Having thus disposed of his enemies from the east, the indefatigable Frederick swept round against the Austrians, who, under the command of the two most brilliant Imperialist generals, Daun and Loudon, were advancing into Saxony. As Frederick approached, Daun drew back, and encamped at Stolpen, one of the strongest posts in Germany, with Pirna on his left, and Loudon's division on his right, barring the road to Bautzen, which was Frederick's objective. By a series of skilful manœuvres Frederick passed Loudon, and got round to Bautzen, where he pushed forward on the road to Weissenberg, but finding that Daun was again ahead of him, he halted at Hochkirch, and posted his troops on a low range of hills

directly opposite to the Austrian camp. But Frederick, unwisely contemptuous of the Austrian commander, had allowed his army to slip into a dangerous position. "The Austrian generals deserve to be hanged," cried Keith, "if they don't attack us here!" They *did* attack them there! During the night of Friday, October 13, Daun, dexterously manœuvring, and helped by a thick fog, drew his ninety thousand men in a silent circle round the Prussian camp, and at five o'clock next morning, fell suddenly on the astonished Prussians, under cover of a tremendous fire. Though taken by surprise, they made an obstinate resistance; and Frederick exercising all his genius for war, they contrived to extricate themselves from what seemed certain destruction, though not without defeat and carnage.

About six, or half-past, Keith, who had command of the right wing, ascertained that his main battery had been captured, and prepared to recover it. Mounting his horse in hot haste, he assembled a couple of battalions, and through the heavy mist which obscured the battle-field, led them forward. After a sharp struggle, the battery was retaken. But fresh Austrian troops came upon the ground, and Keith began to look round him anxiously for assistance. "Where are my aides-de-camp?" he repeatedly inquired; but obtaining neither reply nor reinforcement, was at length compelled to fall back, his men clearing the way with levelled bayonets. Suddenly he stopped short, and, with

a bullet through the heart, dropped dead into the arms of his groom, John Tebay, thus closing, amid the gloom and clang of the fight, his adventurous career.

Tebay endeavoured to carry off his body, but failed; and the Austrians conveyed it into Hochkirch church, where, on the morrow, the Field-Marshal was honourably buried. Four months after, his remains were removed, by Frederick's order, to Berlin, and interred with full military honours in the Garnison Kirche—where they still lie, far from the bonnie glades of Inverugie and the ruins of Dunnottar. A statue of him was erected (about 1780) on the Wilhelm Platz. He has also a memorial in Hochkirch church; an urn of black marble on a pedestal of grey; with an inscription which records how he "Dum in prælio non procul hinc, inclinatam suorum aciem, mente manu voce et exemplo restituebat, pugnans ut heros decet, occubuit."

That he was no mere soldier of fortune—no unscrupulous mercenary, intent on selling his sword to the highest bidder—is proved by the record of his career. "My brother," said the aged Earl Marshal,[1] "leaves me a noble legacy; last year

[1] "Old Lord Marischal—George, 'Maréchal d'Ecosse,' as he always signs himself—was by this time seventy-two; King's Governor of Neufchâtel, for a good while past and to come (1754—1763). In 'James,' the junior, but much the stronger and more solid, he has lost, as it were, a father and younger brother at once; father, under beautiful conditions;

he had Bohemia under ransom; and his personal estate is seventy ducats." Yes; that was the fortune he left behind him—about twenty-five pounds—the result of so many years of adventure and so much gallant service.

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and the tears of the old man are natural and affecting. Ten years older than his brother, and survived him still twenty years. An excellent, cheery old soul, he too."

THE END

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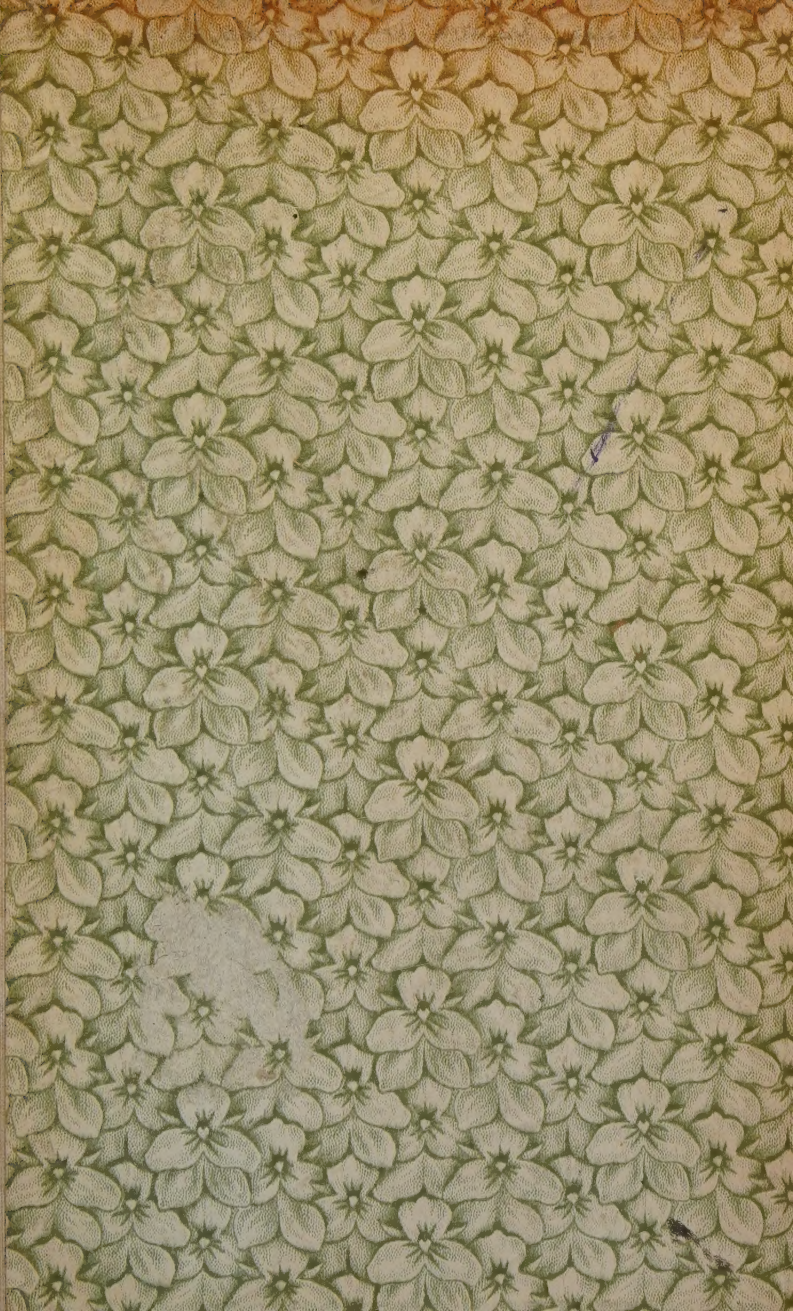
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